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NEW YORK.

J.C. RIKER, BANN STREET.

1834.

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YOUTH'S KEEP-SAKE;

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NEW-YEAR, CHRISTMAS,

AND

BIRTH-DAY PRESENT,

FOR BOTH SEXES.

With Engravings.

NEW-YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

AT the present enlightened period, when every department of literature has a thousand votaries, who devote unsparingly, their wealth, energy, industry, and talent, at the intellectual shrine; it were, perhaps, a presumption to profess to have discovered an especial excellence, peculiarly calculated to promote any branch of mental cultivation. But though the multitude of competitors in the literary arena, preclude a possibility of an author or publisher claiming transcendent merit for any offering submitted to the reading world, it may still be very possible to devise a work, so precisely adapted to a given object, that all its pretensions may not only be sustained, but that it may be made honorable mention of among its compeers.

Books for the perusal of the youthful abound in all the land; some good, some indifferent, some so foolish, that the human intellect is degraded both in the authorship and reading. And in writing, or compiling a work de-

signed to have an influence, and leave its impress, on the character yet unformed, and the mind yet uninstructed, there are many errors to be avoided, many essentials to be attained.

The original articles in this work, having been written expressly for it, by several gentlemen who have long been before the public in capacity of writers, it is hoped, will meet the same degree of approbation that has been so often awarded to other emanations from the same sources.

This little volume is now commended to the patronage of an intelligent and generous community, without further comment or apology, hoping that its faults will be excused by all, and its suitableness to the end proposed be quite apparent.

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THE MASK.

By Mrs. Sargent.

"WHAT a coward you are, Jamie," cried George Gordon to his cousin, as with his younger brother and sister they were proceeding in Farmer Wilson's light cart on a visit to the Abbey Farm; "I really think you have not spirit enough to face a mouse. Do you know," continued he, turning to the good man who himself drove them, "my cousin Jamie is the greatest coward alive. If you were only to say in a whisper to him, 'Hark! Jamie, what's that—don't you see something move yonder?' he would turn as white as a sheet, and tremble from head to foot; and if he was not too much frightened, would run away as fast as his legs could carry him."

"Oh George," interrupted the little fellow who seemed about ten years of age, and whose delicate appearance was strongly contrasted by his cousin's robust and healthy aspect, and superior height, though only a year older, "I am not so

bad as that—I know I am not so brave as you ; I wish I was, for I do not like to be called a coward. It is only some sort of things that frighten me and then it is because—”

“Phaugh! Because!” said George, scornfully, “because you are a chicken-hearted fellow, and only fit to be among girls [*crying*]. Now what have you to cry for? But this is always the case; if you only say a word to him he begins to make that ugly face.”

“To tell you the truth, Master George,” said Wilson, “I think you are enough to make him cry; and for my own part, I don’t count much of persons who talk a great deal about their courage, and are fond of laughing at others. Brave boys and brave men too *say* little, and boasters generally *do* little; and though I agree with you it is like a woman to be whimpering for every thing, or for nothing, I consider that man no man at all who is ashamed to shed a tear on a proper occasion; and any way, too much feeling is better than too little. He may not grow up a worse man, for not being quite so bold as others while he is a boy.”

Jamie nestled closer to the farmer’s side, and looked gratefully up into his face, while George, indignant at the implied rebuke, showed his displeasure by a toss of his head, and a more consequential adjustment of his hat.

“Indeed, Mr. Wilson,” said Caroline, “cousin Jamie is a

very kind, good-natured boy, and though papa says he wishes he would exert himself more than he does, and endeavour to conquer his failing, he often makes excuses for him, and desires us to do all we can to encourage him; for he suffered a great many hardships when he was abroad, and was badly nursed, and for a good while was left to the care of weak and ignorant servants, for his papa was killed in India, and his mamma died on her passage to England. -

"Poor little boy!" sighed the farmer. Jamie's eyes again filled with tears, but he quickly said, "Yes, dear Caroline, my poor papa and mamma are, indeed, both dead, and well do I remember how cruel the maids were to me on board that ugly ship, and what horrid tales they told me—but it is over now—and your papa is my papa, and you are my brothers and sisters, and dearly do I love you all."

"And so do we love you, Jamie," returned Caroline, affectionately. "You do, I know," replied the little fellow timidly "but, but," and he looked wistfully at George—

"Oh! I love you too," said George, understanding him, "but I hate crying boys, and"—cowards he would have added, had not Wilson, in whose kind heart Jamie had secured an interest, interrupted him by saying, "Since I know your papa's wishes, Master George, I shall not scruple to forbid your talking of your cousin in this way. But I should

like to know if you are really as brave as you would make us believe."

"Oh yes," warmly exclaimed Jamie, "that he is—if I were but as brave as he, Mr. Wilson, I should be so happy."

"I'll soon show you what I am, and what I dare do,"—said George, consequentially, at the same time attempting to take the reins.

"No, no, Master George," said the Farmer, "there's no courage in pretending to do what we know nothing about, or that is above our ability,—you talk largely; but take care—all is not gold that glitters. Squibs make almost as much noise as guns, but after all they are only squibs, and when they have whizzed, and hissed, and cracked a bit, fall to pieces and come to nothing: and as to daring—the boy that dares to do what does not become him, is fool-hardy in order to show his bravery; is not only as noisy as a squib, but as empty and as worthless too, and proves that both his head and his heart are not what they ought to be."

At this moment the cart stopped at the gate, which led directly to the dwelling of Wilson. It was part of the ancient Abbey from which the farm derived its name, and had been made habitable for the parents of the present worthy tenant, who stood so high in the estimation of Mr. Gordon, that his children were allowed once in the course of the sum-

mer, to spend a day or two with him and his wife, the latter having also been a favorite servant in the family. Mrs Wilson and her children came out to receive and welcome them, and having conducted them into her parlour, regaled them with curds, cream, and strawberries. Every thing contributed to gratify them, and the day passed away very happily: towards evening however, the sky became gradually obscured, and a tempest seeming to threaten, she called her young visitors into the house. The apartment, which was always gloomy, grew doubly so as the heavy clouds collected in masses over the building. The wind sighed in low murmurs along the ivied walls, or in sudden gusts shook the huge branches of the majestic oaks, which extended along the north side of the Abbey.

The children, who had amused themselves with a variety of sports, were for some time insensible of the increasing darkness. It was first perceived by Jamie, on whose perceptible mind and nervous frame, it quickly operated. He started at every sound, and looked fearfully around him, nor could any inducement draw him into the deeper shades of the large room. George soon espied the state of his mind, and suffered not the opportunity to escape him, of playing upon his weakness. At length, by way of diverting their attention, Mrs. Wilson proposed a game of geographical puzzel; this being

eagerly accepted, she went in search of the box. George accompanied her as the boldest of the party: on her return a game was agreed upon, but was soon exchanged for an exhibition of tricks, which the youngest sister of Wilson proposed to show them. They were all too intent to remark the absence of George, and so entirely were they engrossed by what was passing, that even Jamie forgot his fears, and was as much amused as his companions. In the midst of their enjoyment, a loud groan, followed by a smart stroke upon the door, made them start with affright. In an instant they stood aghast: but Caroline quickly recovering herself on having perceived that George was missing, moved hastily to the door, followed by her brother; when the noise being suddenly repeated, it opened, and a figure of hideous aspect and clothed in white entered.—A universal shriek attested their terror—the youngest child threw its arms round the neck of its Aunt. Caroline retreated in haste, while poor Jamie who had sunk on the ground, clung to her for aid, and with his hand clasped in hers, was incapable of withdrawing his eyes from the appalling object before him. The horrible noise which the figure uttered as it burst into the room, was immediately succeeded by a loud laugh, and the salutation of “Oh you silly things”—proclaimed the monster to be George. He had espied, in the drawer from which Mrs. Wilson took

the cards, a mask: the idea instantly occurring to him how well it might answer his purpose, he secured it; and having persuaded one of the maids to aid him, he thus accomplished his plan.

Poor Jamie's dismay was not to be removed by the discovery of its folly, and George had now sufficient food for his raillery. The pleasure of the party, however, was destroyed; and, unable to restore their spirits, Mrs. Wilson thought it more prudent to dismiss them for the night.

A bright morning removed all former disagreeable impressions, and nothing occurred throughout the course of this day to diminish their enjoyment. The next, their papa arrived for the purpose of conveying them home. The two boys having expressed a desire to explore the Abbey, Mr. Gordon agreed to accompany them. The view of the surrounding country from the exterior, was beautiful; and the care they were obliged to observe, as they proceeded from one part to another, and the occasional scrambles that the decayed state of the building caused them, added, in no inconsiderable degree, to their gratification. They were now in the most ancient part of the building.

"I believe," said Mr. Gordon, "we are perfectly safe; but it may be as well to go to the other side—wait an instant till I step over this parapet, and I will then take hold of your hands,"

"Oh, I can get over by myself," cried George, pressing forward.

"Stay where you are!" commanded Mr. Gordon, and so saying he moved forward; but no sooner had he set his foot on the wall, the ruinous condition of which was concealed by the ivy which covered it, than it fell with a sudden crash, and he was precipitated along with the fragments. In his descent, however, he caught at a projecting stone, and thrusting the point of his foot in the tendrils of the ivy, hung suspended over certain destruction. His situation was frightful in the extreme. A chasm was formed in the wall between him and the children. George uttered a shriek of terror, and springing back from the widening gulph, continued to scream aloud for help; but in less time than the relation could be made, Jamie had leaped across the opening to the opposite wall which was considerably lower, and sliding down to a part of the root which was remaining, threw himself upon his face, and crept to its edge, then firmly grasping the ivy with one hand he extended the other to Mr. Gordon.

"Uncle! dear Uncle! look up," cried he, for it was not possible for the latter to perceive the action, "take hold of my hand, I can support you." It was his only chance of life, and Mr. Gordon instinctively seized the proffered assistance.

"Run, run, George," cried the now ardent boy, "fetch Wilson in a moment."

Roused by the words, George fled for assistance; but happily the shriek he had uttered, had answered every desirable purpose. Wilson, who was in the adjoining field engaged in hay-making, had heard it, and beholding the accident, and the perilous situation of Mr. Gordon, had seized a ladder, and with his men, had run to the spot.

The strength of both Uncle and Nephew were nearly exhausted.

"You must leave hold, dear boy," said Mr. Gordon, "I shall only drag you down also. God bless you."—"Only an instant longer"—was the eager reply.

"Courage, Uncle,—here is Wilson, don't shake,—steady, he is close to you,—now, now, grasp tighter."—But Mr. Gordon was relaxing his hold, when the Farmer threw his powerful arms round him and drew him safely upon firm landing. Nearly overcome, he was obliged to pause to recover himself. Wilson looked up to his favourite. "Well done, little one," said he; "keep where you are, don't attempt to stir, and I will come for you." He now shifted the ladder, and again mounting it, in another moment brought Jamie, trembling with emotion, to his Uncle.

Mr. Gordon caught him in his arms: "my brave little

preserver," cried he, and as he spoke, tears would have been visible had not the curls of Jamie, whose head was buried in his bosom, hid them, "to you, under Providence, I owe my life."

"Brave, Uncle!" exclaimed Jamie, quickly rising, and regarding him with a look of astonishment,—"you forget it is George who is brave, Jamie is a——"

George who had rejoined them in time to witness the latter part of the scene, stood by in visible emotion. He was white and red alternately, his lip quivered, and his whole frame shook; at length, bursting passionately, into tears, he exclaimed, "No, Jamie, you are no coward; it is I who—" He could not finish the sentence; but approaching his father, from whom he had hitherto kept aloof, he clasped his arms around him, and sobbed with violence. "Indeed, indeed, I love you," he articulated in broken accents, "although I did nothing to assist you."

"Ah! Master George," said Wilson, "you remember now what I said about the squibs; it is one thing, you find, to act goblins and frighten people, and another to expose yourself to save them from danger." This speech afterwards led to an explanation of the former evening's exploit. Mr. Gordon heard the recital with concern.

"George," said he, "let this be a lesson never to be for-

gotten by you. To play upon the weakness or failings of another, always evinces an unamiable, and often a dastardly, spirit. True courage does not consist in a presumptuous bearing to our fellow-creatures, nor in exhibitions of boldness where it is uncalled for, and which have no tendency but to make us oppressive and to feed our own vanity. The really brave are those who are the least selfish, and by whom the calls of humanity are no sooner heard than regarded; and who, on just and reasonable occasions, set no competition between another's preservation or benefit, and their own individual safety and convenience; who never court danger merely to exhibit their prowess, and who never shun it when to meet it becomes a duty. This is the only courage that dignifies a man: all other is counterfeit, and merits no better designation than ferocity, and is a quality possessed in equal or greater degree by brutes."

"But why, papa," asked George, "should there have been such a difference between Jamie and myself before?"

"Much of your apparent courage," replied Mr. Gordon, "is mere animal spirits, and depends greatly upon bodily health, and other external causes or circumstances. Jamie is the reverse of yourself in this respect; and the peculiar disadvantages under which he has laboured, have added defects which were not natural to him. The timidity which

created your contempt argued no positive absence of courage; and sufficiently exciting cause, as the event has proved, only was wanting to display his real character; and this applied, your cousin showed a superiority which you would never, without such a demonstration, have believed him capable of. Learn, then, to distrust yourself, and to judge more favourably of others whose exterior may promise less than opportunity may hereafter present to your own confusion."

Jamie eagerly waited till his uncle had finished speaking. "No, dear uncle," then, said he, warmly; "do not say that I am, or ever can be, superior to George; say only that I may be as brave as he, and I shall be quite happy; and will never again be afraid of goblins, or terrified at masks."

"You are not only a braver boy than I," said George, on whose naturally good disposition both the conduct and words of Jamie had acted powerfully, "but a better one; and never, papa, never, Caroline, (for his sister had now joined them,) will I play tricks upon him again. But, oh, papa, how much happier is he than your own boy!—I envy and love him too; for he saved your life, while I should have left you to a horrid death.

He shuddered as he spoke, and the fulness of his heart prevented further utterance. Mr. Gordon affectionately caressed him. "The avowal of error is another species of cou-

rage most honourable in itself," said he, "and that my boy evinces to my entire satisfaction. Henceforth, excite each other to true heroism, and let the thankfulness which the remembrance of this day's mercy must ever awaken in my mind, be confirmed by your uninterrupted harmony, and established reputations for all that is good, and virtuous, and honourable. Sweet is the recollection of danger past; but sweeter far the conviction of the present good resulting from it. Thus beholding you, I shall esteem myself richly repaid for what I have really suffered; and, in my affection for my equally brave and dear boys, will leave them nothing to envy nor to rival each other."

A PUZZLE,

IN WHICH I GIVE A FEW PARTICULARS OF MY OWN LIFE AND CHARACTER,
BUT WITHHOLD MY NAME.

I SHALL not commence, like most autobiographers, with an account of my birth, parentage, and education.

The first and second I have important reasons for concealing; and the third, education, was to me unnecessary. I was a natural genius,—my powers were all innate. In my earliest infancy I enlightened and improved more human beings than the wisest sages and profoundest philosophers ever hoped to do, in their fondest schemes for the benefit of the human race.

Do not suppose that I conceal my origin from false shame. On the contrary, I can outvie in antiquity the proudest prince on earth; and if the Chinese can prove that their first king, Puon-ku, reigned ninety six millions of years before the Christian era, I can bring undeniable proof that I reigned before him.

I am a great and rapid traveller. It is recorded, that Eu-

chides, a citizen of Plataea, walked to Delphi, and returned with the sacred fire, before sunset—having walked one hundred and twenty-five miles in one day. I performed the journey in less than half the time!

"I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf."

I have excelled them all! I visited America long before Columbus was born. I have long ago anticipated Captain Parry, in making the north-west passage to China;—if he had followed my path, he would have found no interruption from the ice. My constitution can endure extremes—heat and cold are alike indifferent to me; I have therefore, gone farther into the interior of Africa, than Park or Bowditch ever attempted. I have also crossed the Andes, with more ease and expedition than Captain Head.

Some Irishman said, "that no man could be in two places at once; *barring* he was a bird." I can, I have been in more than two hundred places at the same time!

Do not think I assume to myself an attribute of Deity. There are more than two thousand places where I am not!

I have been an eye witness of many of the most remarkable events in history, sacred and profane.

I was present at those most sublime and awful periods,—

the Resurrection and Ascension. I was present with St. Paul, at his conversion; and also when he made Felix tremble. I accompanied Titus, the "delight of mankind," in all his deeds of mercy, and was present when he gave up his property for the relief of the sufferers from an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. I was inseparable from King Alfred. I witnessed the devoted affection of Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound at the risk of her own life. I was also at Calais, when Queen Philippa used her benevolent influence to preserve the lives of six citizens who had offered themselves to save their city.

You have already guessed that I am the "Wandering Jew"—You are mistaken. *He* was present at the Crucifixion—I was not.

It is my greatest glory, that I have seldom been present at outrageous deeds of sin and wickedness; indeed, my very presence is often sufficient to deter men from deeds of evil. Plots contrived with the greatest secrecy, are sooner or later brought to me, and I am generally enabled to subvert them.

As candour and sincerity are my distinguishing characteristics, I may affirm that I have no dark side in my own disposition, or conduct.

I may also declare, without conceit, that I excel in painting; and that Raphael and Reubens were as much indebted

to my instructions, as Reynolds and Lawrence have been in later times. I have no ear for music, nor can I produce a note, though I am well versed in the science of harmony.

It is to the science of optics that I chiefly devote myself, and have done more to its elucidation, than most practical men. I owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Isaac Newton: his discoveries and writings have developed my faculties, and enlarged my capacity.

Poets of renown have celebrated my praise; but to the best of poets, Homer and Milton, I was almost a stranger. I am not known as an author, and I never preached a sermon; yet my "Reflections on Mankind" have been of incalculable benefit to the human race. Critics will tell you that these Reflections are not solid,—in fact, have no weight, though they confess they bear some colour of truth.

"I will confess my want of gravity; but I have other properties, or qualities, which supply that of solidity. I have an unvaried rectitude of principle, and pursue that line of conduct which leads me directly to my object. My power surpasses that of the greatest potentate on earth; yet so far from exciting fear, or terror, by my presence, fear flies at my approach. I am the harbinger of joy; and it is only in my absence that men turn pale with affright!

My form is slender and agile. I can pass through the

narrowest passages; yet I am, at times, so large, that the most spacious chamber will not contain me.

I cannot describe to you the garb by which to recognize me, as I vary it continually, both in form and colour; and without vanity, or extravagance, I conform to every variety of fashion. My constitution is such, that I cannot exist in a dungeon, nor even in a room, if the shutters be closed, and have no aperture. But I must now conclude with a most humiliating confession; you have heard the German story of a man who had no shadow—I am in the same predicament!

JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

By Miss M. R. Mitford.

ABOUT the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and an adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazel, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge,

closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror, a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupt winding, as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows; then turns in a narrower channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture. ●

Kibe's farm is as picturesque as its situation; very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen-garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom in-

deed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children too had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company, so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate

friend at Aberleigh rectory caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, when the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and careworn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling patience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might

have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression. She sat in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, encreased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few sweet words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet

that hung near her ; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge ; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory ; and every interview served to encrease the interest excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose as I soon perceived from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskillfully treated, and was pronounced incurable ; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. "She could work," she said, "as well as ever ; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any

mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had been forced to give up, and drawing; and some day or other she would shew me, only that it seemed so vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a groupe of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune. Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such verse, and the object of such affection! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma; but William—oh she wished that I knew William! No one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that now she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the wooden frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say her own self all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that," she continued with a deep sigh, "was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it." "But why, Jessy?" "Oh, because William was so much too good for this world; there was nobody like William!

And he was gone for a soldier. Old general Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad ; had given him a commission in his regiment ; and he would never come home—at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it."

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessy's life, the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew ; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy forebodings ; partly from her trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterised the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

How~~ever~~ it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over the sun-shine of Jessy's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all, the fear that is born of love ; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return to eradicate the evil.

The letters came punctually and gaily ; letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recal. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit : it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relatives, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the peril of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's farm. The voyage

was past, safely past, and the weight seemed now really taken from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled; yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents. The brook which crossed Kibe's lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing like a cataract. Now that was the nearest way; and if William should insist on coming that way! To be sure, the carriage road was round by Grazely Green, but to cross the brook would save half a mile; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those whom he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts: the fear seemed impossible, for no postillion would think of breasting that roaring stream; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

All day she paced the little court, and stopped and listened, and listened and stopped. About sunset, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense, quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, she thought she heard, she was sure she

heard the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. "It is only the noise of the rushing waters," cried Emma. "I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!" replied Jessy; and darted off at once, with the double purpose of meeting William, and of warning the postillion against crossing the stream. Emma and her mother followed, fast! fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's when the object was William? They called; but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had won to the bend in the lane she had reached the brook; and, long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipped from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured; men, and ropes, and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man perilled his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there, for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling with all the strength of love and agony to rescue that dear and helpless creature: but every effort—although he persevered until he too was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter; and the brother and his favourite sister never met again.

EMILY.

I lo'e thee, gleefu' little one,
For in thy leerin' e'e
I ken a spirit, far aboon
A' insincerity.

I lo'e to ponder on a heart
Sae young an' pure as thine,
Tho' nigh it makes the saut tear start,
Contrastin' it wi' mine.

For I am auld, an' I ha'e seen
Of a' life's joys their ends,
An' my youth's innocence ha' been
Lang gangin' wi' my friends.

But ye a frien' ha'e chosen weel
To share in a' your glee,—
For puss can lo'e, and puss can feel,
An' wha sae blythe as she?



EMILY AND HER KITTEN.

Guid heav'n bestow its blessin's a'
On thee my bonnie bairn ;
An' as abundantly they fa'
This lesson may ye learn :—

A gratefu' spirit, an' content,
An' pity's kindly glow,
To a' aboon thee reverent,
An' guid to a' below.

R.

MOTTO FOR THE BIBLE.

By J. Montgomery, Esq.

BEHOLD the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way ;
Read it with diligence,—with prayer ;
Search it, and thou shalt find *Him* there.

A TALE OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

By the Author of "The Flower Show," and "The Black Linn."

TWILIGHT had long departed from a drawing-room in Bedford-Square,—for it was during the Christmas Holidays, and the silver Time-Piece had just chimed four. The fire burned dim, and nothing was visible in the room, but the red reflected lights on the polished steel fender and fire-irons. The folding doors were partly open, and in the inner drawing-room William Stanhope and his sisters were busy at their several occupations, by the light of two wax tapers.

"I will not do a stroke more," exclaimed William, rising suddenly from the table at which he had been sitting, "or I shall be as blind as my old Homer himself:—it is prodigiously dark!—Annie! will that tiresome Sonata never be done?"

"It is done now," cried the lively little musician, springing from her chair, "Have you any thing amusing to talk about?"—continued she shifting up to her brother. "What

are you thinking about, that makes you look so extremely comical!—Oh! *I* know—*I* know,” added she laughing and dancing.

“What can you both mean?” asked Mary, quietly looking up from her drawing.

“Oh!” cried William, “you will never guess, if we allow you fifty guesses, Mary. But look here—this is what we are laughing at,” added he, running to the door, and then coming back with stiff formal bows, as if he were entering a room filled with company.

Annie, with a scream and bound of delight, flew to his side, mimicking, with the most comic gravity, some other person’s *entrée*, and short hurried curtsies.

Mary laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

“Is it like?” asked William, resuming his own manner.

“As like as life,” replied Mary. “Only you want that yellow wig, and that yellow face, and comical little legs.”

“And I,” cried the sister, “the cap, and tight gown, and the look altogether, as if I had been drawn through the key-hole.”

“I am glad, Mary, that you saw the ridiculousness of it,” continued William, “I think every body present did, but they were too polite to laugh. I cannot conceive why my father was so civil to them.”

"He is *civil* to everybody," said Mary.

"Yes—yes—I don't mean *civil*. I mean really and honestly glad. He was talking to the Bishop at the moment when these people were announced, about very interesting things. I know he was interested, because I was behind his chair."

"Well done, Willy! a very good reason," cried Annie, laughing.

"No Annie," resumed her brother, somewhat disconcerted; "I don't mean *that*, I mean that I saw his face, and heard what he said—but when he heard the name, he darted up with the greatest delight, and seemed quite to forget that he had not finished his sentence."

"And such a name too," said Annie going to the door and imitating the manner of the servant, who announces company.—"Dr. and Mrs. Lockett."

"Oh," said William, "you did not do it half grandly enough. It was just as if it were the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of Prussia, who were arriving. *Dr. and Mrs. Lockett!*"

"Yes, said Mary, "and in they came. The little yellow wig, and the little pinched cap, bowing and curtsying! It was perfectly irresistible! I cannot think why papa and mamma invited them to so pleasant a party."

The children continued for some time longer to talk thus gaily and foolishly, little imagining that their mother was in the front drawing-room, resting on the sofa. If they had known it, open and sincere as they were towards their father and mother, they would not have thus indulged themselves in ridiculing their parents' guests. But as their mother slipped out of the room without speaking, and joined their father and them at dinner afterwards, with her usual affectionate and cheerful expression, they had no idea that she had overheard, or lamented the conversation.

Dinner being concluded, and the sofa having been drawn round, that this happy holiday party might thoroughly enjoy their dessert and a good fire, Mr. Stanhope, as was his custom, led the conversation to such subjects as would interest and encourage the children.

It seemed by chance this evening, to turn upon the celebrated characters of History, and their different claims to approbation and gratitude; and each person present was required to bring forward their favorite hero, and to endeavour to defend him when attacked.

This "game," as Annie called it, pleased the children, as they were well read in Ancient and Modern History. William especially had many favorites, and fought their battles with zeal and dexterity, till they were all one by one rejected.

Mr. Stanhope pointed out to him, that neither brilliant military renown, nor superior political talents, make a man truly great, when he uses them for selfish, or unworthy ends ; and he illustrated this observation from history.

"I see, sir," said William, "that a man to be truly great must have the good of others in view," and he instanced several, of whose patriotism and virtue he had read with delight. His father was glad to find that he had so just a sense of what was admirable in the human character.

His mother observed, that great and good as such men were, they were not in her opinion the *greatest and best*. "Dear mamma, how can you say so!" exclaimed the children. "Who can be greater or better than such characters as these?"

"Those, my dear children, who are not drawn into their bright path by the intrinsic pleasure to be found in it—nor consecrated to virtue from infancy, by the example of noble ancestors—nor urged on by the stimulus of an observing and admiring world—but who relinquish their own ease, happiness, and even life itself, to a strong sense of duty, and the good of their fellow-creatures."—

The children perceived their mother's distinction. Mary directly thought of the conduct of Malesherbes, who, at the utmost hazard of his life, defended Louis the sixteenth, in the day of his calamity.

Mrs. Stanhope mentioned Howard the philanthropist, and as the children had never heard of him, she gave them a short account of his life. How, for a space of nearly thirty years he had spent his time and fortune, and health, in inspecting and improving the state of prisons and hospitals, in this country, and on the Continent, which at that time were such frightful receptacles of misery and disease. How he had travelled repeatedly through Europe, undergoing voluntarily, prodigious labour, great suffering, and the continual risk of infection in the steady pursuit of his benevolent designs. And how, by his example and his publications, he produced an attention to the subject, and an improvement in the prisons, throughout Europe.

William and his sisters were extremely interested in the character of this extraordinary man. And they agreed in their father's observation, "that Howard was one of the greatest benefactors of mankind that ever existed; and that before such self-devotion the noisy deeds of military heroes shrink to nothing."

They were delighted to find that their mother knew many particulars of Mr. Howard's private history, as her father had been intimate with him. She related how his faithful servant had attended him through all his wanderings, performing even for him such offices as the mending, and making of his

clothes. And how at last, Mr. Howard had parted from him, because his two last journeys were directed chiefly to lazarettos, and other places where the plague prevailed, and where he did not consider himself justified to take even a servant. "He died," continued she, "of a malignant fever, at Cherson, on the Black sea, without a friend near him to perform the last offices of humanity, aged sixty-three. A statue has been placed in St. Paul's to his memory, and I believe a few years back, a monument was erected on the spot where he was interred, in the Crimea."

"Oh! Papa," said Annie, "take us to see his statue in St. Paul's! Is it like him, do you think, Mamma?"—"I believe extremely so, my dear," said Mrs. Stanhope; "I have heard my father say that it was the exact likeness of him, before they destroyed the tie-wig which he was accustomed to wear, and substituted the present head in its place."

"A wig!" exclaimed Annie with a look of dismay, "did Mr. Howard wear a tie-wig?" The children all rather coloured. Their mother continued, "I have often heard my father describe Mr. Howard, as a neat, little man, in a tie-wig."

"Oh dear," said Mary; "he should have been a tall noble person."

"Why so?" said her father. "Many great men have been little men; and if they have good heads and good hearts

within, it does not much matter if they have tie-wigs and snuff-brown coats without, does it, my dear?"

"No, Papa," replied Mary, with a look of shame.

"If I had known Mr. Howard, as Grandpapa did, how I should have loved him," exclaimed Annie, clapping her hands. Then turning to her mother, she added, in a sorrowful tone, "It's a pity we know no such people now, Mamma."

"Perhaps we do, my dear, without being aware of it—people who have given up their own good for the sake of others—whom the world neither knows nor honours, and whose consciences are their sole reward."

"Your mother and I," continued Mr. Stanhope, "have the pleasure to know at least *two* such persons."

"Have you indeed, sir. Who are they?" asked the children, eagerly. "They are strangers in town," said Mr. Stanhope smiling, "but we expect them to dinner to-morrow, and shall present them to our dear children with joy."

"But what is their history? do tell us, dear papa," said Annie. Their father smiled again, as he looked at the children, and he began as follows—

"The hero and heroine of my story, (for they consist of a lady and gentleman—let not the ladies be altogether omitted in our list of worthies,)—were in early life intimate friends,

as they lived in the same village, and there was not many years difference in their ages."

"But their names, their names, papa?" cried Annie. "Gertrude and Stanhope," said her father. "Stanhope?" said William, "any relation of yours, father?" No, William, but he was called Stanhope, after my father. But let us proceed. Gertrude's father was a surgeon, in this said village, and for twelve years Gertrude was his only child. At the end of that time he married again, and was blessed with five children more. But his life was not prolonged, that he might enjoy this blessing. He died suddenly when Gertrude was only eighteen, and his wife hardly survived him six months. Thus was Gertrude left with these five children dependent upon her care and bounty, for her father had left no property, and she had nothing to depend upon, but the small fortune which her own mother had left her. She considered them as a sacred trust, and she resolved to devote her time, talents, and fortune to them. Young, handsome, and beloved as she was, she put aside, once and for ever, every personal indulgence, every selfish wish, that might interfere with the object to which she devoted herself.

Such conduct insured the love and admiration of all who knew her, and her earliest friend was not the last to respect and approve it. He had settled as successor to her dear fa-

ther, so that he had constant opportunities of observing her. She indeed made him an adviser in all her plans, and found him a comforter in all her difficulties. The attachment which subsisted between them was of the purest and the strongest kind.—It commenced with infancy, and was strengthened by similarity of principles.

But Gertrude and Stanhope soon discovered that this too must be sacrificed to their duty. Gertrude's fortune was hardly sufficient to support and educate the children, and it was essential that her whole time and thoughts should be directed to their care and education, and to the economizing of her small means. Stanhope, young and inexperienced, could not for years expect to obtain from his profession, an income such as would support a family.

They submitted to their circumstances with resignation. Gertrude silently and patiently pursued a task, which now had become her only pleasure.—Stanhope sailed for New Orleans, where prospects of success opened to him. In this miserable and unhealthy place he resided for twenty years, never shrinking from his dangerous duty at the worst of seasons, but fearlessly administering comfort to the deserted sick and dying. Often and often, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, did he, with tender solicitude, perform the part of physician, friend, clergyman, nurse, and executor; stand-

ing up to his knees in water in the burial-ground, to read the burial service over those whom no human power could save:—and returning into the deserted city to contribute (as far as kind particulars and consoling words could do) to the comfort of mourning friends, across the wide Atlantic. His life was spared, amidst such universal mortality, and it is now twelve years since he returned to his native country. He found his earliest friend surrounded by the love and respect of all who enjoyed her society; with her brothers advantageously settled, and her sisters well married. There no longer existed any obstacle to their union; and happy in the rational pleasures and pursuits of their retirement, this is the first time they have ventured into the gay world. I hope that when they return, tired of the *follies* of fashion and the *heartlessness* of society, they will be able to say, “at least we have found *one* family who could estimate and remember old friends.”

“Oh they shall! they shall! we love them dearly already,” exclaimed Mary. “Oh! that to-morrow were come,” said her sister.

To-morrow came—though not so fast as the children might desire. And at five o'clock the party was assembled round the drawing-room fire, on the tiptoe of expectation.

“Mamma,” said William, “I cannot imagine why you

told Ravenscroft not to light the lamp?—you generally have it lighted before dinner, have you not, ma'am?—We shall not be able to see these dear delightful people.—Do stir the fire, Mary, it is extremely dark.”—

“Light enough to see old friends,” said Mr. Stanhope. At that instant came the longed for “knock and ring,” and in a short time Ravenscroft threw open the drawing room door and announced——

“Dr. and Mrs. Lockett!”

ON VISITING THE SILVAN COTTAGE,**INHABITED BY MISS HANNAH MORE AND HER SISTERS, 1791.**

By Anna Seward.

FAIR, silent scene, soft rising in the vale,
By mountains guarded from the stormy gale !
Long 'mid thy sloping lawn, and winding glade,
And the mossed concave of thy cool arcade,
Be seen, in health and peace, the virgin train
Led by the boast of Bristol's tuneful plain ;
Where Genius oft has fed its rising fires,
Rolled the 'rapt eye, and struck the golden wires.
Bristol, that hears her More's distinguished name
In echoes wafted from the shrines of Fame :
On whose mild brow she sees gay laurels twine,
Wove by the liberal hands of all the Nine,
Enwreathed with Charity's assuasive balm,
And Faith and Piety's immortal palm.

Friends to the friendless, by your cares benign,
On infant minds religious lustres shine,
That else in lightless ignorance must stray
Where guilt's dark snares penurious youth betray.
Ye bright examples of an heedless age,
Ye true disciples of the sacred page,
Oh, may your virtues make our just desire
To live like you—to be what we admire!

I was permitted to copy this interesting little poem from the "autograph" collection of the excellent and honoured lady, who, nearly half a century ago, formed the subject of Miss Seward's verses. The time I had the enviable privilege of spending with Mrs. Hannah More will form, to the latest moment of my existence, one of the most delightful recollections my mind is capable of retaining. As I hope, at a future period, to give my young friends some short sketch of the most illustrious woman that

"Ever lived in the tide of time,"

any further remarks upon the subject may be postponed.

A. M. H.

THE MORNING SONG.

By Allan Cunningham.

I.

Oh, come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
Oh, come! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours its ditty,
Loud, varied, and sweet:
We will go where the twin-hares
Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

II.

Oh, come! hear the throstle
Invites you aloud;
And soft comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud:

The stream lifts its voice,
And yon lily's begun
To open its lips
And drink dew in the sun :
The sky laughs in light.
Earth rejoices in green—
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen !

III.

Oh, haste ! for the shepherd
Hath wakened his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blackberry's ripe :
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme :
The gay maiden's tilting
An old bridal-rhyme :
There is joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth !

ANECDOTES,
OF
SOUTH-AFRICAN BABOONS.

By Thomas Pringle, Esq.

THE large dog-face baboon of South Africa, (*Simia Cynocephalus*, *Cercopithecus Ursinus*) is known to naturalists from the descriptions of Sparrman, Vaillant, Burchell, and other scientific travellers. It is an animal of considerable strength, and attains when full grown, the size of a very large Newfoundland dog. It is covered with coarse shaggy hair, of a brownish colour, except on the face and paws, which are bare and black. On level ground, it always goes on all-fours, like other quadrupeds; but among the rocks and precipices, which are its natural refuge and habitation, it uses its hind-feet, and *hands*, somewhat as a human being would do, only with inconceivably greater boldness and agility, in springing from cliff to cliff, or in clambering up the crags.

The cynocephalus is not believed to be in any degree carnivorous, but subsists on wild fruits and berries, and principally on the numerous variety of edible roots, which abound in the districts it inhabits. These roots it digs out of the earth with its fore-paws, the nails of which, from this cause, are always short, as if worn down by scratching ; in other respects they nearly resemble those of the human hand.

For defence against its numerous and ferocious enemies, such as the leopard, hyæna, wild dog, &c., the cynocephalus is armed with very large and strong canine teeth ; and when driven to extremity, will defend itself successfully against the fiercest wolf-hound. It has a mode of grappling its antagonist by the throat with his *hands*, while at the same moment, it tears open the jugular vein with its sharp tusks. In this manner I have known a stout baboon despatch several dogs before he was overpowered ; and I have been assured by the natives, that even the leopard is sometimes defeated and worried to death by a troop of these animals. It is only collectively, however, that they can successfully oppose this powerful enemy, who, in many of the mountainous districts, subsists chiefly by preying upon them, catching them just as a cat does a rat, by lying in wait and pouncing upon them unawares.

With all his strength and capacity for conflict, and in spite of certain evil reports that are circulated to his disrepute, the dog-headed baboon appears to be in reality a very harmless and inoffensive creature; making allowance for a thievish propensity, which he has, to rob gardens, orchards, &c., when he can contrive to get at them. There is, indeed, one story told at the Cape, and said to be quite authentic, of a party of these cynocephali carrying off an infant from a farm house in the vicinity of Cape-town, and only resigning it after having been hunted for a whole day, by a numerous party of men and dogs, over the tremendous precipices of the Wynberg mountains. The child, however, when recovered was found perfectly uninjured; and perhaps this extraordinary abduction (the only instance of the sort I ever heard of in the colony), may have been prompted rather by the erratic affection of some mother bereaved of her own offspring, than by any more ferocious or mischievous propensity.

But however this may be, the strong attachment of these creatures to their own young, is as unquestionable as it is interesting. In my rambles in South Africa, I have frequently witnessed affecting instances of this attachment, when the inhabitants pursued them from their orchards to the mountains; the females in such emergencies returning

to search for the young ones they had lost through the very midst of their mortal enemies.

On more peaceful occasions, also, I have often contemplated them with great pleasure and interest. It is the practice of these animals to descend from their rocky fastnesses in order to enjoy themselves on the banks of the mountain rivulets, and to feed on the nutritious bulbs which grow in the fertile valley ground. While thus occupied, they generally take care to be within reach of a steep crag, or precipice, to which they may fly for refuge on the appearance of an enemy; and one of their number is always placed as a centinel on some large stone, or other prominent position, in order to give timely warning to the rest of the approach of danger. It has frequently been my lot, when riding through the secluded vallies of that country, to come suddenly, on turning a corner of a wild glen, upon a troop of forty or fifty baboons thus quietly congregated. Instantly on my appearance, a loud cry of alarm being raised by the centinel, the whole tribe would scamper off with precipitation; splashing through the stream, and then scrambling with most marvellous agility up the opposite cliffs, often several hundred feet in height, and where no other creature without wings, certainly, could attempt to follow them; the large males bringing up the rear-guard, ready to turn with fury upon the dogs,

if any attempted to molest them; the females, with their young ones in their arms, or on their shoulders, clinging with arms clasped closely round the mothers' necks. And thus climbing, and chattering, and squalling, they would ascend the almost perpendicular crags, while I looked on and watched them—interested by the almost human affection which they evinced for their mates and their offspring; and sometimes not a little amused, also, by the angry vociferation with which the old ones would scold me when they had got fairly upon the rocks, and felt themselves secure from pursuit.

IMITATION OF CLAUDIUS.**MORNING LESSON.**

By John Bowring, Esq.

COME, children, I've a tale to tell
Both serious and surprising ;
And rub your eyes—and listen well—
And see the sun is rising !

And did you ever see him rise ?
For 'tis a glorious wonder !
He every morning mounts the skies,
And every night sinks under.

And know ye that he never fails,
But all the world walks over,
And gilds the hills and glads the vales,
From Doneenak* to Dover ?

* The extreme Western point of America.

He travels through a vast unknown,
Than any arrow faster—
But—can a chariot go alone
Without a guiding master?

My children! when the sun's bright wheel,
Thro' the wide heaven is rolling,
O! there is one to guide it still,
Conducting and controlling.

Upon the chariot of the sun,
There sits that awful being,
Whose path is light—whose name is One—
Unseen, but all things seeing.

Tho' far above what thought can reach,
So marvellous is His power,
It gives its beauty to the peach,
Its fragrance to the flower.

He painted the Ephemera's wings,
Who sets the stars in motion—
He formed heaven's great and glorious things,
Who pour'd the drops of ocean.

The ruddy face of morn He streaks,
He makes the sun-beams glisten,
He speaks—my children! when he speaks,
Will ye not joy to listen?

His works are loveliness and light,
To all who see and heed them—
His words are beautiful and bright—
Now—listen! while I read them.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

By Miss Jewsbury.

O DEAR mamma, what a great, large, wonderful place this is!—as large as a million villages joined all in a row!—I do think even *our* town could be set down in one of the squares; and if a hundred streets were swallowed up, I don't think the rest would miss them. I am very sorry, dear mamma, I did not write sooner, but I have been so busy all day that at night I was quite tired; and my uncle has been so good to me, and has shewn me such a many, many things!—and I will tell you now what I liked best. But first of all, dear mamma, pray don't fancy I have forgotten you, or my sisters, or my pigeons and my rabbits, or any body; and I think Westbury a very nice place, though now I do live in London, and sit up every night till ten o'clock and sometimes later. Don't be angry, dear mamma, for I will be very good when I come home, and I will bring you a gold watch, and Jane and Mary a parasol a-piece, for my uncle has given me

three sovereigns, *three*, mamma, to spend in what I like. Perhaps you know that we have got a new King now—he is called William the IV.—and I heard him proclaimed at Temple Bar, where the City gates are, and they were shut; and if the King himself had been there, he could not have been let through, without knocking and telling his name and errand; so the procession did so, and then it was let through, to proclaim that the Duke of Clarence was King. I saw him yesterday in a carriage, but I did not see that he looked any different from what he did last year, when he passed through Westbury. In the procession there was the Lord Mayor's gilt coach—you may tell Mary it was nothing but glass and gold—and the heralds, who proclaimed the new King, wore something like waggoners' frocks, made of stiff gold cloth; and I heard "God save the King" played by fifteen trumpets altogether; and you might have walked on the heads of the people as old nurse says; and when they shouted, it was like the roaring of the sea; and my uncle says I shall go to Windsor to see the dead King lie in state, before he is buried, for that is a very grand sight too. Yesterday I saw a real live lion eat his supper, and several leopards, and tigers, and panthers, and a hyæna, and many other animals too; and I was a little frightened just at first, for Exeter Change is no larger than our church, and the

cages stand all round, and don't look so *very* strong; and when eight o'clock came, all the beasts began to grow impatient. First there was a growling among them, and then they rubbed themselves against the iron bars of the cages, and the leopards put their paws through, but you may guess I did not offer to shake hands with the gentlemen, though their skin is covered with pretty spots, and they jump about like grey-hounds. The keepers were very busy dividing the meat, which was legs and shins of beef, into proper parts; and at last they went up to the old lion, who is always fed first—and then what a roaring there was!—I quite fancied I was in a forest, only I felt very glad I was not. The old lion and his wife had waited more patiently for their suppers than any other animals, but the keeper teased the old fellow a little, just to show us what he could do; and when the bone was flung into the den—for they don't feed these animals by holding their meat to them, or they might chance to bite off a finger or two just by accident—well, when the bone was flung to the lion—oh, mamma, I shall never forget his eyes, for they flared just like two lamps!—and he crouched down and clutched the bone, and roared, as much as to say, “take it back if you dare;” but his face was so grand, it made me tremble, though I knew I was safe—I felt, mamma, just as I did last year when I heard the thunder

among the mountains. I shall never forget *that* lion ; there was another, but he was more snappish, and yet did not make me tremble half so much. The leopards, and tigers, and panthers, took their meat playfully, but it was very terrible play—I should not like them to play with me, I know. The laughing hyæna, poor old fellow!—was as tame as our Neptune, almost as stupid—he let the keeper plague him, and yet never grunted or grumbled ;—and he took his meat quietly from the keeper's hand. The panthers had each a very tough beefsteak, but they soon managed to tear it to pieces, and then lay down and licked their lips very merrily. There were two elephants, not fine fellows, but very funny ones : one was let out, and walked down the hall, and rang a bell when he was desired, and opened his mouth, expecting, no doubt, that something should be put in it ; and his trunk reminded me of a large, large leech, screwing itself about, and sucking hold of every thing within reach. It is very odd, but when all the other animals were roaring, and jangling the bars of their cages, I thought that if they had broken loose, I should have run to the elephants to protect me, and I think they would, though they were very ugly. After the animals had been fed, the pelicans were let out, and they scuffled up, flap, flaping their wings, just like great geese. They had each about three dozen small fish put in

a bucket of water, and they scooped them out as fast as I could count, for their bills are half a yard long, and the bottom one that has a bag to it is just like a shrimp's net. They made every one laugh heartily. And afterwards I saw the snakes ; they are kept in boxes, and wrapped up in flannel, like little babies : but I am sure you will be tired, so I will tell you all about the birds and monkeys another time, and about the Zoological Garden, which I like better than Exeter Change, because the poor things must be happier in fresh air, though many of them were starved to death last winter. And, mamma, I have seen the Tower. I can't awhile tell you all the history of it, but very likely you know that it stands upon twelve acres of ground within the walls, and that before it was used as a prison, it was a palace ; and that now it is only a curiosity, but it is very curious indeed.

I liked the armouries every one ; but especially that were many of our old kings are, not they themselves, I mean, but their armour, which looks just like them, with spears held in the iron gloves, as if they were hands ; and then I liked Queen Elizabeth in her white satin petticoat, with another steel petticoat over it, the dress, they say, she wore at Tilbury Fort ; and I liked very, very much the armoury where guns, and swords, and pistols, are fixed against the walls, so as to look like beautiful stars, and suns, and half-moons. I could

hardly remember that such beautiful shining things were, after all, only meant to kill people with, and that one ought to admire spades and ploughs more. But the jewel office, mamma!—I wonder what Sinbad or Aladdin would have said to such a show as this!—I saw the new crown, made for George the IV., and it shone like a bed of tulips; diamonds, pearls, rubies, and a sapphire “of the purest and deepest azure,” as the book says—and azure means blue, mamma,—and the ancient ruby that the Black Prince wore at Cressy and Agincourt; and I thought what a nice brooch it would make you;—and I saw the five sceptres; and the gold swords of justice, which, of course, won’t cut; and the bracelets and the spurs that the King wears when he is crowned; and a hundred other things that dazzled my eyes to look at.

I have also heard a musical instrument; my uncle calls it the musical mountain, but its real name is the Apollonicon, played by a steam engine; some of its sounds made me think of the roar of the lion, but some of its tunes were very soft, softer than your piano.

My uncle has taken me to some exhibitions, but I don’t understand pictures, though I am nine years old. I liked Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portraits of the kings, and generals, and people, for I saw them lighted up with gas, and the light

made the uniforms look very beautiful ; and I thought our own George IV. looked more like a king than all the rest of the kings, and even emperors, that were hung up with him, though, in one picture, he had not half so much gold lace upon his clothes. I have been to the Thames Tunnel, a road that is being dug under the river Thames ; and as it will be always dark because of being under ground, lamps will always be lighted. It made me shiver rather, just as if I was walking into a vault ; and it was strange to think that a river was rolling over your head, and ships sailing over your head, and steam vessels and boats, all over your head.

I have been to see the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith, which means a bridge hung up in the air, but not hung upon nothing, for the chains that hold it up go through two great stone archways, that are reared a good height : altogether, it looks something like two cat-gallowses, with a plank lying between. Every time a carriage goes over, the bridge shakes like a leaf, but it is quite fast ; and when you stand underneath, and a carriage goes over, the sound is exactly like thunder at a distance.

At the new London Bridge they are building, you are obliged to pay a shilling to walk over and look at it, but the money goes to help such of the workmen as get hurt at their work ; and the man who collects it fought at the battle of

Waterloo, and had his hand crushed while building the *Waterloo* bridge, and now, because his hand was obliged to be cut off, he takes the money with an iron hook instead—so I did not grudge my shilling, that is, my uncle did not grudge it for me.

I have seen Saint Paul's Cathedral, and it is a quarter of a mile long, and it was thirty-five years in building, and the hours on the great clock are marked in figures two feet long, and the great clock itself measures nineteen yards round; and from the floor up to the ball at the tip top of the dome, are six hundred and sixteen steps, more than enough to tire one pair of legs, I should think; and the great bell, that only tolls when the king and queen, and a few other people, die, can be heard twenty miles off: and the whispering gallery brings whatever is whispered on one side, close to your ear on the other; and when a door is shut opposite to you, it makes a noise like cannonading. And Lord Nelson lies buried in the tomb that Cardinal Wolsey intended for himself, and I am glad of it, for he deserved it much better.

My uncle was so good as to get me a ticket to go to Saint Paul's, when the children of all the charity-schools sit up in the dome, and sing; there were ten thousand of them, and it made me giddy to look up at them, for they seemed to be

sitting up in heaven ; and when they burst out in the hundredth psalm, it seemed like heaven really—and I felt sick, but I liked it very much. And, dear mamma, I am tired, and my pen is split, and I have not got another ; and I have taken two whole wet days to write this letter, but I hope you will like it, and Mary and Jane too.

I have seen many, many other things,—the Colosseum, and the Dioramas, and the Panoramas and the Parks, and Kensington Gardens, and Richmond, and I have sailed on the Thames in a wherry ; and I am sorry to say I have worn out my new shoes, and spoiled my best jacket—for one does so wear out clothes in London !—But I hope, dear mamma, to make you and my uncle amends, by getting on with my Latin ; and I remain, with love to my sisters, and every body,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

GEORGE MERTON.

P.S. Please excuse blots.

London, June 30, 1830.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

By William Howitt.

Up in the morning as soon as the lark,
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Far in the moorland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.
I am an old man—my hair it is grey,
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,
And a kindlier current doth run through my vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures! again and again.

I rejoice in your sports,—in the warm summer weather,
With hand locked in hand, when ye're striving together;
But I see what you see not—the sorrow and strife,
Of the years that will come, in the contest of life;—
For I am an old man—and age looketh on
To the time that will be—from the time that is gone—
But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow,
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow!

Aye, sport ye—and wrestle—be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest when your pastime is done,
For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossoms and dew,
And the God of the blessed doth watch over you,
And the angels of heaven are missioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your sealed sleep;—
And an old man's blessing doth on ye dwell
The whole day long—and so fare-ye-well.

THE LOST GIRL;

OR,

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

"WHAT will become of me!—the sun is going down—the snow is falling. Oh my dear father and mother, I shall never see you again."

Such was the exclamation of Lucy Johnson, as, overcome by fatigue and cold, she sat down upon a fallen tree in the forest, and wept bitterly. She was alone, and knew not whither to turn to find shelter and protection.

In company with a number of his neighbours, Mr. Johnson had emigrated from one of the New England states, and with his family, consisting of a wife and daughter, had chosen a residence on a spot of singular beauty, upon the banks of the Mohawk, at about sixty miles from its mouth. The banks of that river were then, as well as they are now, remarkable for their fertility and beauty. Crops were raised from the cleared land, almost without the trouble of plough-

ing, and at the time to which we refer, the greater part of the farmers of the settlement, had gone in company, to convey the product of an abundant harvest to Albany. Among them went Mr. Johnson, taking with him his wife, while Lucy remained at the house of one of their neighbours. Early in the morning of the day, upon which the settlers were expected to return, the remaining inhabitants of the village were alarmed by a report, that a body of Indians from the country toward Lake Ontario had destroyed several of the settlements farther back, and were then advancing on the opposite side of the river, to continue their work of destruction. All was hurry and consternation. The terrified inhabitants having no means of successful resistance, resolved to abandon their homes and fly to the nearest settlement, which was ten miles distant in a southerly direction. Lucy among the rest hastened away with the fugitives. She was, however, unused to travelling on foot, and the rough stony ground, and the chilly air, (for it was in November,) soon disabled her from keeping up with the company, who were already scattering. By degrees the party became separated; and Lucy at length found herself alone in the midst of a wide forest, to escape from which seemed impossible. Still she walked on in the direction which the rest seemed to have taken, and hour after hour passed away, and she was still

wandering without coming near the place, where all the villagers had taken refuge.

Meantime the party that had gone to the city were returning home again. They were, perhaps, anticipating the comforts of a domestic fireside. What was their dismay then, as they rose over the hill which separated them from their homes, to behold them in ashes, or still consuming, and the savages dancing and yelling with frightful contortions, as they drank the "fire water," of the white men. Their families might have been cruelly murdered, or carried into captivity, yet they could not render any assistance; their numbers were too small to attack the savages, and with heavy hearts, they took the road which their families had previously taken, resolving to unite in defence of the southern settlement. Upon arriving there, they were rejoiced to find that but one was missing; every heart was gladdened but Mr. Johnson's. His only child—his dear Lucy was gone, no one knew whither. She might be in the hands of the savages—she might be wandering in the forest, to die by cold or hunger, or to fall a prey to wild beasts. Mr. Johnson felt that this one stroke had swept away his all; for he had left his wife nigh unto death at Albany, and he knew too well, that the news of Lucy's loss, would deprive him of his companion, who, perhaps, even then, was enduring all the

agonies of apprehension, for the fate of her husband and daughter. His cup of affliction was full. While he was endeavouring to nerve himself for the occasion, one of the few friendly Indians who were then in the settlement, stood beside him.

"White man is sorrowful," said he, after standing silent a few moments; "let Kawaga know it, that he may help him, as white man help poor Indian when him sick."

Mr. Johnson looked up, and saw an Indian of the Oneida tribe, whom, at a time when a disease was raging among the tribe, he had taken home and restored to health, by means of the simple remedies with which he was acquainted. An Indian never forgets either an injury or a favor. Upon leaving Mr. Johnson's house on that occasion, Kawaga seized his hand, and the stern features of the warrior relented as he said, "Indian never forget—Indian never forget good white man." Many a deer, and many a beaver skin, had he brought after his successful hunting expeditions, and left at Mr. Johnson's door. He would accept of no reward. "White man was kind to Kawaga," he would say, as he turned round and departed.

Mr. Johnson could not but be moved by the kindness of Kawaga, in thus offering to assist him in his greatest distress. In a few words he related the circumstances of his loss, and his fear that Lucy might be suffering in the forest.

"Has the daughter of the pale face gone? The leaf falls, and the cold winds blow, but Kawaga will find her. Before the rising of the sun thou shalt again see thy daughter."

"But, kind chief, there is danger. The enemies of your tribe, and of the whites, are perhaps even now coming to attack us here. You may be taken a prisoner and put to death."

The Indian drew himself up. "Kawaga is brave—he fears not death. He will lose his life to serve his friend."

He turned away with the indifference which an Indian warrior considers it a merit to assume; and, in a few minutes he was observed to enter the edge of the forest in company with another of his tribe. Every one in the settlement were busy in endeavouring to fortify themselves against the anticipated attack of the Indians; and much as they sympathized with Mr. Johnson, they could not, except at the hazard of their own lives, render him any assistance.

Kawaga and his companion proceeded in silence, each armed with a bow and arrows. Every now and then they would stoop to examine the ground and the fallen leaves, by which the sagacious Indian can tell not only when persons have passed, but can also discover, in many cases, whether they are white men or Indians, to what tribe they belong if the latter, and what were their numbers; and that too when

a white would not be able to perceive any resemblance to a foot-track. Guided by his knowledge in these things, Kawaga proceeded rapidly on for some time, until at length, starting in surprise, he clapped his hands, and to the inquiring look of his companion, pointed out something on the ground. The Indian gave the usual "Huh!" of acquiescence, and both immediately walked with a rapid pace toward the west.

The sun was setting, and the thick snow clouds were moving down from the north. The air grew colder and colder, and the wind whistled shrilly through the branches of the trees, and Lucy was still wandering in that wild forest. A few berries were the only food she had tasted during the day, and now night was approaching cold and cheerless, and her limbs would no longer support her. Her hands and feet were lacerated by the briers, and as she again attempted to walk, the snow began to fall, and the benumbing influence of the cold rendered her completely powerless. She felt as she sank upon her knees in that wilderness, as if all hope had departed, and uttered a prayer, that if she must die, God would comfort her dear parents.

A noise, as if some one was forcing a way through the crackling branches, caused her to start up in alarm—and Kawaga stood before her.

"The pale woman pray," said he, "and the Great Spirit



THE LOST GIRL.

send Kawaga to find her. Kawaga is the friend of the pale faces. Arise, daughter of the good white man, and return with us to thy father."

Who can express the gratitude Lucy felt at being thus saved from a fearful death? But she was too much overcome by the cold to move; which Kawaga no sooner perceived, than he motioned to his companion, who immediately gathered a few dry leaves and branches together, and striking a flint stone against the steel head of his tomahawk, in a moment obtained fire. Lucy was soon sufficiently revived by its warmth to partake of some refreshments the Indians had brought with them. In a few minutes they had prepared a litter of the branches of trees, and covering it with one of their cloaks or blankets, and some dried leaves, formed a convenient couch, on which they placed Lucy, giving her another blanket to protect her from the cold. They then lifted it between them, and set off rapidly toward the settlement, where they arrived without meeting with any of the hostile Indians.

In a few minutes Lucy was with her father. His gratitude to Kawaga for her restoration was unbounded.

"You shall stay with us," said he, as he seized the Indian's hand; "when we return to our home, and eat of our bread, and drink of our cup; and we will take care of you, and provide for you in your old age."

Lucy ardently seconded her father's request. The Indian wavered for a moment. "No," he said, at length, "Kawaga must return to his tribe. When many snows have passed, and his head comes white, and his eye is dim, then will he return to the wigwam of the pale face and smoke the calumet of peace, until the Great *Manitou* shall tell Kawaga to lay down in the burial place of his fathers."

The Indian turned and departed, and he was not again to be found when search was made in the settlement. The night passed away, but no attack was made by the invading Indians, who were alarmed by the knowledge that a strong body of troops were advancing to cut them off, and hastily returned to their own land. The destroyed settlement was soon rebuilt. Mr. Johnson resided there many years, happy in the possession of moderate wealth, with enough of contentment to enjoy it, and of a wife and daughter whom he loved as his own life.

Weeks and months passed away, and ten snows came and departed, and Kawaga returned to the "wigwam of the pale face." It is needless to say that he met with an earnest and hearty welcome from Lucy and her parents. He lived many years afterward, and when we last saw him his hair was white as the snows of winter, and his eye was dimmed with age; and not long after, to use his own expression,

"the Great Spirit called him to go to the hunting ground of his fathers beyond the setting sun."

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones,
Which hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument."

THE ANEMONIE AND THE CARNATION.

(TO ELIZA IN HER TUTELAGE.)

By Edward Walsh, M. D.

Not heedless culture e'er bestows
The charms that deck the truly fair ;
The gem its finished lustre owes
To patient toil and studious care.

Vain fools affectedly admire
Attractions due to fashion's hand ;
The swelling gourds few suns require,
But oaks a thousand years demand.

Those intellectual graces seek,
That slowly, surely win the heart—
That beam the eye, suffuse the cheek,
Beyond the utmost power of art.

Scarce had the tepid vernal rains,
With wild Favonius breathing round,
Unloosed the earth from icy chains,
And strewed with pearls the verdant ground ;

When, eager to secure alone
The primal honours of the year,
A knot of Anemonies shone
All gorgeous on the gay parterre.

So shine at balls the rising belles,
In zones of purple, gold, and green,
Whilst each fair envious bosom swells
With wishes only to be seen.

Near to the splendid group was laid
A plain carnation's tufted train,
For yet no starting bud betrayed
The future glories of her reign.

The gay parterre affect surprise,
Whilst one, installed in purple pride,
Addressed the stranger in disguise,
And thus in scornful accents cried :

"How dare that sedgy weed presume
So near our borders thus to stray?
Vile sod!—hence to thy native home,
The miry pasture—hence away!"

The genius of the dormant flower
Starts at the chidings of the fair:
She rose—and rising shook a shower
Of brilliants from her fragrant hair.

"Why," she replies, "invidious rail,
Ere Sol my virtues gives to bloom?
When I my spicy breath exhale,
That boasted bed shall be thy tomb.

"I freely own thy various dyes—
Selected from th' aerial bow—
May for a moment charm the eyes,
But they like it soon cease to glow.

"For virtues that to me belong
To Sol be all due praises meet;
And if I lead the floral throng,
Those virtues *culture* makes complete.

"Enjoy thy being whilst you may,
 Raised by the gelid breath of spring ;
A longer date and warmer ray,
 To mine more perfect gifts shall bring.

"My matchless tints, my form improved,
 My cordial aromatic soul,
Esteemed by taste—by fancy loved,
 Shall please while suns and seasons roll."

She ceased—and fragrance breathed around—
 The gaudy beauty bowed her head ;
Whilst the sweet modest sylphid found
 The covert of her leafy shed.

THE BLOW FORGIVEN.

By Mrs. Opie.

Two very dear friends of mine, first cousins to each other, reside in a picturesque cottage in Norfolk, which stands in a valley surrounded by wooded hills, and commands from the windows a view of the sea.

To the inhabitant of a city, the country, even in winter, offers a refreshing variety. I should, therefore, eagerly have accepted an invitation to visit the cottage in the beginning of the year 1829, even if its possessors had not been dear to my heart, and congenial to my taste.

I arrived on the birthday of one of my friends; and during the evening I was told the following little anecdote, which pleased me so much that I committed it, not only to memory, but to paper.

The ladies were in the habit of allowing some of the village children to come to the cottage every day for instruction, which they themselves communicated, assisted by a young girl whom they employed as a teacher.

"Well, children," said the elder of the ladies, entering the school-room on her cousin's birthday; Here are some presents which I mean to give you in honour of the day; shall you not like to receive them, and particularly on such a joyful occasion?"

"O yes, Ma'am," was the general answer; but the young teacher, looking very grave, said, to the lady's painful surprise, "I am sorry to inform you, Ma'am, that Sarah Anne N—— must not have a present."

Now, Sarah Anne N——, from being some time in the back-ground, had lately become one of the best and most promising little girls in the school, and was no doubt conscious how high she stood in the esteem of her benevolent instructress:

Dangerous pre-eminence!—mischievous consciousness!

We are never so likely to err as when we fancy ourselves raised above the possibility of erring; and poor Sarah Anne had been good so long, that she fancied she could not be naughty again; but she had erred that very day, and greatly too.

The facts were these: she had a younger sister in the school, who learnt with such difficulty that she had been induced the preceding day to carry up a hymn to repeat to the

ladies which she had said before ; and a little girl, named Mary Anne H——, had that morning, in the hearing of Sarah Anne N——, reproached her with this breach of a usual custom. The reproach was not the more palatable because it was true, and Sarah Anne N——, resenting it for her sister, pushed eagerly forward, and gave Mary Anne H—— a hasty blow.

This indulgence of anger, though rendered excusable in her eyes, probably, by the motive which prompted it, was judged sufficient to forfeit her right to the present in store ; and while her mortified benefactress, after hearing the tale, was forced to own the young teacher judged rightly, and was considering how she could prevent her cousin's birthday from being clouded over with a discontented face, the angry girl exhibited no signs of contrition, but sat swelling, as it were, with a sense of having incurred unjust censure, and a belief that she had done a praiseworthy action, in avenging her sister's quarrel.

For the moment all traces of her lately acquired goodness vanished from her countenance, and, in every look and gesture, temper reigned triumphant.

Just then, Mary Anne H——, who had been absent on an errand, entered the room ; and my friend called her to her, to receive her just reproof for having taunted Martha N——,

for an action more the result of weakness than of indolence; and while the child stood abashed and penitent before her she said, "Are you not sorry, Mary Anne, for having, by your talkativeness and unkindness towards her sister, tempted poor Sarah Anne N—— to do such a wrong action?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I am."

"But what did she do? Did she really give you a blow?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"What! a blow?—and in this cottage?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And are you not sorry that Sarah Anne N——, who has been so good, should now be so naughty?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And are you sure that you are sorry for it?"

"Yes, Ma'am, quite sure."

"And you forgive her?"

"O yes, Ma'am!"

"Then go and give her a kiss."

The child instantly ran up to Sarah Anne N——, who was still pouting, and swelling with rebellious feelings; and not only kissed her burning cheek, but threw her little arms round her neck. Poor Sarah Anne N—— could not resist this appeal to her best feelings; she impulsively rose and returned the embrace, and the reconciled enemies, to the tear-

ful joy of all the children present, stood sobbing in each other's arms. But no one's satisfaction equalled that of my friend, when she saw how well she had succeeded in preventing the birthday of her beloved relative from being clouded over by the necessity of inflicting punishment.

She had indeed effected still more; and the day, so dear to all who have the happiness of living in the circle of the cottage was distinguished by a proof of the judicious, Christian training which the pupils receive there—"since to *err* is human, to *forgive*, divine;" and two of the objects of my friends' benevolent exertions had exhibited an instance of subdued resentment, and forgiveness of injury.

THE NUT-CRACKER.

By MISS Jewsbury.

"The Squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play."—COWPER.

His home was once the forest tree,
He leaped from bough to bough;
But even there he scarce could be
More frolicsome than now.

When free, his fare must oft have been
Exceeding poor and scanty;
Now, if there is a fetter seen,
He lives, you see, in plenty.

And pray, is not that shoulder fair,
A standing-place as good,
As if a leafy branch it were,
An oak-branch of the wood?

The working of a squirrel's brain,
Of course, I cannot tell;
But I should guess, nor guess in vain,
He likes it full as well.

There is a sparkle in his eye,
He pricks his ears with glee;
Ev'n by his tail may one descry,
A happy rogue is he!

Or rather *was*; for years have fled
Since he'd his portrait taken;
Those nimble limbs are now like lead,
Those bright eyes will not waken.

No matter; in no cruel cage
He lived—or leaped for pelf;
And when his nuts, through very age,
He could not crack himself,—

His mistresses—each merry maid—
Turned NUT-CRACKER to squirrel;
And when he died, his corse was laid
Beneath a tree of laurel.

Enough of *him*; but not for me,
Of those two gentle girls;
In russet may their picture be,
But they wear silk and pearls.

I saw them only yester-night,
It was not out of door,
But in a room where lamps were bright—
Bright eyes and smiles a store.

They fixed my gaze among the crowd,
And if I call them fair,
It will but be to say aloud
What many whispered there.

They were not children—sat not now
Upon the mountain-heather ;
But sisterhood still marked each brow,
And still they sat together.

Their looks, their music—smile and song,
Awoke delight and prayer ;
And as I left the glittering throng,
(I was a stranger there)
Love came upon my spirit strong,
“ And I blest them unaware ! ”*

*Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE;

OR,

THE CONFIDING BOY.

By Mrs. Hofland.

"WHAT will become of me? the sun is going down, the children are weary and hungry, and I have neither food nor shelter for them; would I had remained in my own country and perished among my own kindred."

Such was the exclamation of Janet Ferguson, as she clasped the babes in her arms closer to her breast, and pressed with deep emotion the hand of her little Sandy, whose strength was failing, though his spirits were unsubdued. Like many others, she had been driven from the Highlands of Scotland, to seek a far distant home in Canada, and until within a few hours had never repented the step adopted by her excellent husband; but sudden misfortune had befallen her.

Their dwelling in the New World was chosen in a spot of

such singular beauty, as to compensate for that magnificent scenery remembered so fondly by all those who are born in the "land of the mountain and the flood." It was situated within a short distance of the river St. Lawrence, at that part where it enriches the Richlieu Islands, where the general temperature is mild, the soil productive, and the advantages offered by the country concentrated. So profitable had it proved to the industrious farmer, that he was now gone (with several of his neighbours), to the great fair at Montreal, for the purpose of selling grains and furs, which had been partly purchased from the native Indians.

The inhabitants of this new settlement called their village Benoni, (child of sorrow), yet until this day it had little merited the name, but the arrival of an old man journeying much farther, who had learnt by chance that a tribe of Indians was on the way to attack them during the absence of their men, placed all who remained in a state of the utmost terror. They were out of the line of roads, had no connection with the river, at a distance from all neighbours, and ignorant of the way by which their foe was advancing; but of that foe every one entertained the most lively terror. A few only of the red men (such they call themselves), had found their way to Benoni for the purposes of trade, and from them the women and children held aloof, for they had heard such

terrifying details of the ferocity of this people, their treachery, cruelty, and even cannibalism, that the bare idea of falling into their hands was insupportable to them all.

The sad news ran like wildfire from house to house, and the inhabitants of each ran out, and impelled by the same fears, soon met in the open ground, and began to consult on the possibility of saving themselves and their little ones, for more they could not hope to effect. All their cattle, furniture, and humble wealth, must be instantly abandoned, and it was further deemed advisable, that they should separate into small parties, and hide themselves in the trees and among the rocks, in order to escape from those merciless savages to whom their homes were abandoned, and who, in thus dividing them, had half accomplished the ruin they meditated.

Thus situated, Janet wandered forth with her two children, suffering under such anguish of mind as few even of the unhappy can conceive, for not only was she bereft in a moment of all the comforts of life, but she was parted from that beloved husband, whose presence would have consoled her, and she did not know whether she was not going every moment still farther from him. In the horror and confusion of the hour, she had omitted to enquire the route to any settlement, or learn if any of her neighbours could rejoin each

other at a particular spot—in their terror they had been scattered like a flock of sheep, but they were not blest with the power of instinct to unite again.

Janet had dragged her weary limbs forward in the darkening twilight, sometimes looking from side to side in hope of discovering a distant dwelling, or a safe resting-place, when all at once, upon turning a projecting knoll, she was startled by the light of a bright fire, around which were seated a number of Indians, with their squaws, (or wives), and little ones. The sight was in itself so surprising and curious, that although poor Janet was sensible these were the enemies she dreaded, and those who were perhaps on the road to destroy her forsaken home, and her beloved neighbours, she stood for a moment to gaze upon them.

The men were nearly naked, and painted in such a grotesque manner as to render them objects of horror ; for being prepared for an expedition, their heads were almost covered with vermilion, and their ribs marked out by broad black stripes, whilst their hair was bristled up in the midst of the head, so as to increase the look of fierceness natural to their stern and sedate countenances. The appearance of the women was much more prepossessing, as they were generally arrayed in cloaks and trowsers, of blue cloth, which had been purchased at Montreal, and as they sat behind their hus-

bands, and appeared to wait upon them as servants, it struck Janet that they were civilized and gentle, but under severe subjection to the terrible-looking savages before her. Just as she was turning round, to retrace her steps in silence, her little girl, who had been slumbering, awoke, and terrified by the blazing light and the strange objects, uttered a loud shriek, which instantly drew the attention of the Indians to the alarmed and fugitive mother.

In a few moments Janet and her children were surrounded by the Indians, and led towards their fire, and since all resistance to their will was evidently useless, the poor woman very wisely appeared willing to accompany them, and to throw herself upon their mercy in such a manner, that if they had indeed any traces of humanity in their dispositions, it might be called forth in her behalf. For this purpose, she sought eagerly to still the cries of her affrighted child, by turning its eyes away from the objects of dread, whilst she whispered to her little boy, in a voice of cheerfulness, "Sandy, my man, dinna be feared o' the guid folk around ye; be good-humoured an civil, and doubt not their kindness: it is fra them your dear father gets the fine furs an the sweet honey, my child."

This little boy was naturally courageous, and habitually obedient; his father had very wisely taught him to exert his

mind (young as he was), by sustaining certain hardships, and practising certain privations, which rendered him manly, enterprising and enduring. Poor Sandy had been hungry for the last two hours, but he knew his mother could give him no food, therefore he did not wound her by complaints which were useless. His feet were sore, but since he could not be carried by her, he would not grieve her by describing his sufferings; and since he knew she always told him the truth, and knew what was the best to be done, he determined to conquer his own fear of the Indians, and rouse himself, notwithstanding his weakness, to fulfil the wishes she had expressed.

In consequence of this resolution, when they had arrived at the circle of Indians, he directly went up to the Chief, who was an old man, seated on a mat, and after asking his name, he sate down beside him, and with an air of confidence, showed him his swollen feet, and informed him that he was hungry.

The chief, in a few words, but to Sandy's joy they were uttered in English, informed him that his name was Apaeth-Yaali, or the stranger's friend, and as such he gave instant orders to his squaw to feed the mother and her young.

Long stripes of the dried flesh of the reindeer, and the Indian maize, compounded into delicate cakes, were immediately placed in the hands of Janet and her famishing babes;

and so glad were they to receive sustenance at a time when nature craved it so importunately, that they fancied they had never tasted food so sweet, nor met with friends so kind. The extraordinary gravity of the Indians made Janet afraid of speaking, least she should offend those whom she desired to propitiate; but her little boy, refreshed and gladdened, crept closely to the old warrior, and, with all the endearing confidence of childhood, thus addressed him, despite of the tremendous appearance he had assumed.

"My good master, Apaeth-Yaali, I am very much obliged to you for my good supper and the kindness you have shewn to my dear mother, and little Janet. I shall always consider you as my friend, and I wish you would tell me the names of the rest of these warriors."

"The one nearest to thee," replied the warrior, "is called Split-log—the one now standing near thy mother is Red-jacket. These are named by thy own people. He who is now advancing to us, is Nico-Mingo."

"And a very good looking fellow he is," said Sandy, "and though he has not a British name, I like him as well as any body here."

So saying, little Sandy by a strong effort arose, and ran to the Indian, who having heard his words, received him kindly, led him to his hut or wig-wam, and gave him the

place of repose so necessary for him. The wants of his mother and her child were also supplied, and after a night of profound repose, the worn-out family awoke to find themselves in the midst of the enemies they had dreaded, and be sensible not only that they were uninjured, but most hospitably entertained.

Hour after hour, and day after day, passed on for the following week, and Janet continued as if spell-bound with the Indians, who laid no injunctions on her will, but continued to supply herself and children with food, and to receive her attention to their own babes, and especially her kindness to their sick, with much gratitude, though few words passed on either side. Janet still in great awe, and considering herself a prisoner, dared not rouse their anger by attempting to escape, which was not likely to succeed, and even if it should, "might she not meet with some other tribe who were less kind and civilized than these?"

In the mean time Sandy made himself perfectly at home amongst them—he joined the women in weaving mats, the men in fishing, listened with profound attention when any of the orators made a speech, though he could not understand more than half of it, and when he was permitted, sung them the songs of his country, and taught their children the national dance. His good humour, frankness, and courage,

so won the heart of Nico-Mingo, that he offered to adopt him as his own son, to clothe him in the finest skins, tattoo his whole body with stars and flowers, feed him with the best venison and the purest maize, and finally to instruct him how to scalp his enemies, and endure their utmost torture, like the "son of the brave."

To this generous offer, the boy replied as far as he was able, in the language adopted by the people amongst whom he was placed.

"Warrior, you have given me food when I was famishing, and rest when I was weary. I love you, and I desire to handle the tomahawk like an Indian, and to brave danger as the son of a Chief, but like you I love truth also, and it compels me to say that I desire to see my dear father, and to live in my own home above all other enjoyments."

"Thou hast well spoken," said the old chief Apaeth-Yaali.

Nico-Mingo and the rest were silent, but there were no symptoms of anger in their manners, and when Janet retired for the night as usual, she did so under the belief that they had forgiven the honest assertion of her little Sandy, though they might not grant the request which was couched in it, of restoring him to his father.

Soon after the sun arose, Janet and her children were

awakened by the voice of Nico-Mingo, who thus addressed his sleepy little companion :—

“Son of my love, arise, behold a journey is before thee.”

They all instantly arose, and followed their conductor, who proceeded with the customary silence of this extraordinary people, until Sandy gave token of weariness, by taken hold of the hand of his guide, and casting a look of enquiry towards the wallet girded round his waist. The Chief comprehended his wants, and sitting down on the first green sward near them, he presented each of the party with sufficient food for breakfast—the remainder he packed up with care, for the Indians are always frugal, (having great difficulty in supplying their wants,) and this he placed on the arm of Sandy, after which they re-commenced their journey.

Janet had for some time conceived that the kind-hearted savage was leading them towards Montreal, but as that was a distance of at least sixty miles, she could not suppose one apparently so considerate would expect that she could walk all the way, or that he would dismiss them in a district where there were apparently neither roads nor dwellings, with only such provision as so little a boy could carry. Still she dreaded making enquiries and giving offence, and was endeavouring to render Sandy the medium of learning

their guide's intentions, when he suddenly stopped, and after drawing the boy closely towards his bosom, thus spoke :

"To the left of that little mountain, you will find the blue stream which waters your own dear village of Benoni. Return to it and remain in peace, for thy father even now is on his way thither in alarm and sorrow. Sandy, take thou the last embrace of him whom thou hast loved and trusted, and who for thy sake promises safety to thy people."

"Do not go—do not leave us," cried the boy, "come to our cottage and eat bread, dear Nico-Mingo; my father will give you ale and beef, my mother will knit gloves and stockings for you, and I—Ah! I will love you and sing to you, and call you my Indian Daddy."

At this moment, Janet thankful for all she had been delivered from, not less than all she had received, warmly seconded her son, and with tears protested that neither he nor his tribe should ever visit Benoni without receiving a Christian welcome.

Nico-Mingo answered, "I believe thee, because thy child did not mistrust us, therefore, when the leaf falls, and the cold winds blow, I will visit the door of thy husband's wigwam."

The Indian departed, and the steps of the exiles were quickened, until they reached the clear stream, on the banks of which they joyfully pursued their way, and by the hour

of noon, were thankfully sheltered in Benoni, which but for Sandy's courage and obedience, would now have been a heap of ashes. They found several fugitives returned, who were ready to expire with terror at the sound of a human voice, but had yet been driven by want to re-enter their dwellings. Others had pursued the path to Montreal, and were bringing thence succour which was no longer wanted. With the earliest of these Sandy Ferguson appeared, and with a joy the wretched man can alone appreciate, found unharmed, and happy, the beloved wife and children whom he believed to have perished.

When peace and plenty were restored, when the harvest had been gathered, the fuel stacked, and the leaves were falling, Sandy said, "My new daddy will come soon," and his prophecy was fulfilled, for as Ferguson was returning late one night from his labour, he found a red man seated on the outside of his cottage door.

"What do you want, friend?" said Sandy, thinking him one of the traders in skins whom he had formerly dealt with.

"I come to smoke the calumet of peace with the pale man who is father to little Sandy."

"Then welcome, thrice welcome, brave Nico-Mingo," said the farmer as he led him into his house, where he was welcomed with ardour by little Sandy and his mother, the fer-

mer exclaiming, "I knew he would come—you know I told you he would come—the red men always speak truth, and Nico-Mingo is the best of them all."

"Son," said the Chief, "I come to thee, and to thy people, whom thou savedst by thy confidence once, and mayest again save, if they will, like thee and thy house, be simple and sincere."

"I will answer for all Benoni," said Sandy.

"And I will confirm his words," said the father.

The Indian ate his supper, smoked his reed, and lay down on the mat provided for him, in token of reliance on this promise, and the next morning opened a treaty of commerce which eventually benefitted alike the settlement and the tribe, and which, at the instance of this powerful chieftain, was named, "The Treaty of the Confiding Boy."

FRANK AND HIS KITE.

By James Bird, Esq.

LITTLE Frank had a small, but a very gay kite,—
Oh! he deemed it a beautiful one :
It was truly his pet, and his sole delight,
As it flew up the path of the sun.

But Frank became proud, and he fancied his skill
Was sufficient to manage a larger :
Just then his rich uncle rode over the hill,
On his favourite Waterloo charger.

“ Dear uncle,” cried Frank, “ I perceive other boys
Have their kites which are six feet high,
While mine is the least of these juvenile toys;
Pray tell me the reason why.

“ O give me, dear uncle ! a very large kite,
Like the one that so buoyantly flies :—
Look ! look ! what a grand and a marvellous sight
It now forms in the beautiful skies !”

"Nay, Frank," said his uncle, "you think yourself clever;
The huge kite which we yonder can view
Is above your control—you could manage it never;
It would fly away, imp, with you!"

Frank did not believe it—he deemed himself wise,
And as clever as clever could be;
As is often the case, in their own dim eyes,
With mortals much older than he.

So Frank he said, "No! I can manage it well,—
Buy a large one, dear uncle, I pray!"
His uncle consented, and, sooth to tell,
Bought him one on that very same day.

The kite was magnificent, stately and tall,
And as wide as a fishing boat's sail;
On its top shone a glittering gilded ball,
At its bottom a long white tail.

Then Frank's little heart swelled high with pride;
He exclaimed, "Oh! to-morrow's the day!
We will bear you, my kite, to the bleak hill's side;
I shall *cap* all the boys at their play!"

Frank rose in the morn with the light of the sun ;
How knowing he looked !—how arch !
For the wind had its blustering song begun,—
'Twas the twenty-first morning of March.

The wind blew stronger—the house-top vane
Loud creaked, and the doors did clatter,
The yard-dog howled o'er his rattling chain,
For he wondered what could be the matter.

The elms and the oaks all roared—the birds
In affright left their favourite tree :
How proud was Frank ! and how proud were his words—
“Ho ! this is the morning for me !”

He called to his playmate with joy and delight,
Bade adieu to his father and mother ;
His playmate caught hold of one end of the kite,
And Frank he caught hold of the other.

Its string was so long it might reach to the sky,
And they bore the great kite to the hill :—
“Now !—now !” exclaimed Frank—“let her fly !—let her fly !”
“I will !” cried his playmate, “I will !”

Away went the kite, like a bird on the wing—
Up! up! she soared higher still;
And Frank felt the tightening pull of the string,
As he stood on the brow of the hill.

On came the storm-blast, strong and loud,
And the kite mounted higher so fleet,
To quit his firm hold Frank was far too proud,
Though she lifted him off his feet.

Away went the kite, o'er hedge and o'er tree,
And away went the boy, too bold;
And now, though he longed on the fair earth to be,
Yet he dared not abandon his hold.

Now over the river, that flowed through the vale,
The kite hovered the space of a minute;
And little Frank looked, as he hung from its tail,
Like a gull that could see no fun in it.

The kite, as in scorn, her white wings flapped,
While her sides to the blast did quiver;
Louder it blew, and the long string snapped;
And Frank—tumbled into the river!

In confusion and shame he crawled up the high bank,
And he looked like a half-drowned rat ;
And he heard a gruff voice—" Ho! ho! gallant Frank!
What a notable feat you've been at!"

His uncle was there, and his finger of scorn
He pointed at Frank, as ashamed
He stood hanging his head, with a visage forlorn,
Like an imp of his monkey-tricks tamed.

" Frank! Frank!" cried his uncle, " thy folly and pride
Have exposed thee to this degradation :
What an ape you must be to presume thus to ride,
So high, Sir, above your right station!

" Remember that he who attempts to perform
What his strength and his skill cannot master
May meet with a check in some turbulent storm,
Which may end in a wretched disaster ;

" And that he who pretends to be wondrously wise
Above others—misled by ambition—
May find, when he thinks he must certainly rise,
That he'll fall in no pleasant condition!"

HOME.

"So when in childhood's quiet morning,
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love.
Each hill and dale that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory."—THAARUP.

It was January,—the snow was falling thick and fast,—the wind blew almost a gale, and every thing abroad indicated one of our longest and most severe New-England storms.

Many a time had Henry Ackland walked impatiently to the drawing-room window, in the hope that he should discover some promise of fine weather: in vain was his eye cast anxiously from one quarter of the heavens to another; dense clouds shut out every streak of sky-blue, and concealed every sun-beam. The branches of the leafless trees groaned, and poured sad wailing music through the air;—ever and anon their accumulated burthen of snow would fall rushing to the ground, not unfrequently accompanied with the rent boughs themselves.

Not a living thing was to be seen. The timid winter birds

were all concealed in nooks and hollow trees; and domesticated animals were securely sheltered.

Henry gazed long upon the dreary scene without, now and then striving to dissipate mental restlessness by traversing the adjoining hall, yet returning full often with unabated solicitude to his post at the window.

It was seldom that the cheerful and engaging conversation of his aunt failed to interest him, and still less frequently was he insensible to the never spent gaiety of his cousin Gertrude,

But it is time that I should make you acquainted with Henry's history. He had been an orphan from early childhood, but had known few of the ills which follow such destitution; for his uncle Melville had adopted him into the bosom of his own family, and he had found in his aunt a mother's tender love, united to the unchanging kindness of a friend.

His cousin Gertrude was to him a sister; no little unkindnesses were ever suffered to show themselves, or disturb that delightful harmony which makes all who come within the sphere of its influences contented and happy.

Henry had one brother, some years his senior, from whom he had been long separated, and it was for his arrival he had been looking with earnestness for several days. The storm before alluded to had, hour after hour, depressed hope and

destroyed expectation, and Henry was suffering under the disappointment, as all those do whose minds are not equally balanced, and subjected to control.

"No,—he cannot come while this tempest rages," said he, as he again looked from the window;—"no traveller could brave this weather."

"Certainly we cannot expect the happiness of embracing our dear Herbert to-night," said Mrs. Melville, "but, my Henry, the hours would pass less wearily if you would be persuaded to give yourself some occupation. You are really now allowing your disappointment to affect you too much, and too unreasonably."

Henry felt the truth of this remark, and just then his eye was attracted by the graceful form of a mountain fir, the long thick branches of which were laden with snow. He caught up Gertrude's pencil, and sketched the tree and surrounding scenery with a rapid hand, then playfully throwing it before his cousin, he said, half gaily, half in sadness,—“This for remembrance, Gertrude.”

The smile on Gertrude's cheek vanished at these words, and taking up the picture, she, after showing it to her mother, placed it carefully in her port-folio.

"Come, my children," said Mrs. Melville, "This must not be; sad hearts and tearful eyes are known full oft of need:—

but now we must not suffer clouds to gather round our own home circle, as they have accumulated in stormy strength abroad. Let us think of the joys that have been and the pleasures that may be; not the disappointments that are, or the separations that will soon divide us."

Gertrude and Henry acknowledged the kindness of Mrs. Melville's effort to cheer them by a coresponding exertion, and the evening passed so pleasantly that they were quite surprised when the faithful time-keeper "doled its strokes, in numbers ten." They bade good night, and parted, saying that to-morrow the sun must break in upon them, and the roads be opened for travelling.

The morrow did indeed prove a sunny one: the heavens were one wide expanse of pure blue, unshaded by a single cloud. The temperature had become more moderate during the night;—rain had fallen, and congealed upon every branch and sprig,—and now all were glittering in the sun beams, reflecting light and brightness like the famed mirrors of Persia,—or glancing back all the colours of the rainbow in a thousand varied tints presenting to the eye a scene of more glorious splendour than bard can paint, or tongue, except gifted with angelic powers, describe.

The family were early assembled, and enjoying the beauties thus widely and liberally scattered round them, when

Mrs. Melville remarked that to-day they might look for Herbert; "and suppose," continued she, "that we ride to the Fir-forest hotel, and meet him there; we shall have a delightful day for the excursion, and you will sooner enjoy the happiness of meeting."

This plan was eagerly entered into by Gertrude and Henry. But first the former hastened to the green-house, to see if the flowers were still blooming to welcome her cousin, and if the beautiful geraniums and roses, which she had carefully reared for him, still promised successful growth. Henry arranged and re-arranged the books in the room assigned his brother, and read again and again his last letters. His uneasiness and impatience found relief, however, when the carriage was announced, and, assisting his aunt and Gertrude, he sprang in after them. "The day is so fine," said he, "that Herbert will ride early; he must be quite recovered now, and able to bear the cold air of our northern regions."

"We hope so," replied Mrs. Melville, "but we must be cautious in proving the strength of one who has been so long an invalid."

In two hours the party arrived at the pleasant hotel in the Fir-forest, where they designed waiting the appearance of their young relative.

Not far thence was a small lake, which in summer pre-

sented a beautiful sheet of water, and in winter afforded amusement and exercise to all the lovers of skating for miles round. In this amusement Henry excelled,—and to relieve the suspense which hung on his brother's arrival, he resorted with some young persons to the lake. Their interest and enjoyment were every moment increasing, for the ice afforded no obstructions, and they glided rapidly from side to side as if borne by the very winds over the wide smooth surface.

Presently a shriek of distress filled the air; all hearts were chilled, for one of the party had incautiously approached an opening in the ice, and fallen through. Henry Ackland was nearest the sufferer, and rushed forward to save him; the boy grasped his hands, but in this struggle the ice gave way, and both sank. At this crisis some woodmen, who were passing on the shore, hastened to their aid, and, after much perilous exertion, both lads were taken insensible from the water.

Words cannot express the distress of Mrs. Melville and Gertrude, when Henry was borne into the hotel; yet it was expressed more on their countenances than by their actions, for both maintained so much composure as to render prompt and active assistance in the measures taken for his restoration. Medical aid was summoned; and, while every fear

was yet alive, Herbert arrived, and was ushered into the apartment, wholly unprepared for the scene.

It was now that every one felt the benefit of self-command ; for never had the fortitude of the young people encountered so severe a trial. At length Henry opened his eyes, and breathed more freely, but it was more than half an hour before consciousness was wholly restored, and he recognised his dear brother. This interview, at all times looked for as deeply interesting, under present circumstances proved almost too much for each party, and the medical attendants ordered them to separate till the invalid was in some degree strengthened.

It was not till several days of perfect quiet that Henry was sufficiently recovered to converse with his brother, or be removed to his own home. But as he regained his usual health, every moment seemed winged with joy, and four weeks of domestic happiness were quickly sped.

The time was now approaching when Herbert was expected to resume his collegiate studies, which, on account of ill health, had been for some months suspended. Henry, too, was preparing to leave his much loved relatives, to prove the united pleasures and trials of a large academy. They were both to be separated for some months from their friends and each other, and we cannot but own the truth, that much sad feeling was called up on the occasion.

Herbert gave his favourite flowers into Gertrude's care, with the expression of a hope that they might, by their growth and beauty, repay her skilful cultivation. As for Henry, his final commissions were so many, that I cannot enter into the detail; but his most careful petitions were made in favour of his ring-doves, which had gained on his affections in proportion as his care and gentleness had made them familiar.

Gertrude, with a smile brightening her countenance, even through tears, promised to perform all that her cousins asked, nay, twice more than they would have urged; but then, in return, she made them engage to collect for her any valuable minerals, or rare plants, which they might find; but above all, to write often. "Oh," said she, "if your doves, Henry, were but carriers, how often might we hear from you; and they too might enliven your dull hours——"

"Stop, my daughter," said Mrs. Melville, cheerfully, "no sad anticipations: Henry must not look for dull hours,—and I charge you," said she, addressing her nephews together, "that you think of us with bright feelings, and in the animating thought that we shall be re-united in the summer vacations.

"We shall often talk of you, and you will speak to your friends of us. Gertrude will send you all the news from hence, and will, I doubt not, prove the more active correspond-

ent of the three, for you young gentlemen are not given over much to letter writing."

"But, dear aunt, we like it," replied Herbert, "when we have a sufficient motive, and that, when from home, we never lack."

Soon after the above conversation Mrs. Melville announced to the young people that all things must be in readiness by the morrow.

I will not dwell on the leave-taking, nor the first hours of arrival at the schools. After a few days all parties were busily engaged in the pleasant work of improvement, whether there or at home, and often, after the closing lessons of the day, would talk of the hoped-for meeting in June.

Notwithstanding that Gertrude had thought six months a period which would be long, almost unbearably long in passing, June, with its stores of buds and bloom, did come; and a day was fixed for the return of the young students. Gertrude loved home so much herself, that she could hardly imagine it possible to be contented elsewhere. She possessed a lovely mind, and affections that sprung from a heart overflowing with innocence and goodness.

Her hours were given alternately to study and recreation, and her lively spirit was ever active in promoting the enjoyment of all with whom she associated.



HOME.

She had culled fruit from her own garden for her cousins, and ornamented their apartments with her choicest flowers.

Henry arrived first, and the pleasures of meeting proved quite as delightful in reality as they had done in anticipation. But those who have a home, and a happy home, and have left it for months, can tell with what emotions we salute, on our return, the friends from whom we have been separated.

"Home never looked half so beautiful before," said Henry, kissing his aunt again and again, after having for the twentieth time expressed his joy in as many different ways.

"Come, come," said Gertrude, after their salutations had been many times renewed, "you have not seen your ring-doves: they are alive, and quite tame,"—and away the cousins sped to the pretty enclosure where they were kept, in the free, open air. The birds, unused now to any one save Gertrude, flew timidly into the low branches of the trees as Henry came suddenly upon them. "Ah, ungrateful, you have forgotten me," said he, and threw himself on a moss-grown rock, while his cousin conciliated their confidence by offering them food, and they soon gathered round reassured.

"Now, Henry," said the happy girl, see them, see them now. I have cherished them for your sake; not one is lost, and they will soon come fearlessly to feed from your hand." "I cannot take them dear coz; they must still be yours,"

said Henry, crowning her with a wreath of early Climatis; "come let us away—Herbert is coming; I hear the carriage."

It was really Herbert, who, as full of joy at returning as Henry, now in his turn quite overpowered his aunt and cousin with questions, which followed in such rapid succession, that it was vain to attempt reply. "Here, Gertrude," said he, "here are some choice minerals for you; and, aunt, I have found out the very best method of rearing our beautiful mountain Azaleas; I have some very vigorous plants, too, which I have procured this season, and think that you will no longer want success in their culture."

Just then their uncle entered, and the boys had so much for his ear, that I retired from the party, persuaded that the heartfelt happiness I had witnessed would be still prolonged, and that a *happy home* is the happiest of all earthly places.

"Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from Home."

STANZAS.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word, farewell!
But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken!

M. J. J.

THE NUTTING PARTY.

By Mrs. Hofland.

"Do look, uncle, what nice bags Maria and little Annie have made us for our nutting expedition, to-morrow! We shall be off at five in the morning, and we shall bring home such a load of nuts, you cant think! I wonder who will bring the most? I should like very much to know who will—I mean who *you think* will bring the most."

"I can't form any judgment on so important a topic," said Mr. Rothwell, smiling.

"Now don't say so, uncle; I am quite sure you have a good judgment about every thing."

This was said in such a coaxing tone of good-humoured patronage, from a really good-humoured boy, that his uncle could not forbear to take up the subject with the interest it held in George's eye, and he replied with all becoming gravity.

"I think Richard will probably succeed the best in filling his bag."

"Richard!—how can you think so? He is grave, and learned, and all that; as good a fellow as ever was born, but by no means fit for a lark of this kind. Tom is more likely, or Frederick, or—or—"

"Or *yourself*, you would say, to whom the sins of being grave or learned do not apply. Be that as it may, I think, my dear boy, neither you nor William have an equal chance with our boys; for though you are very active and agile, yet you cannot have been equally habituated to country occupations. A ride to Richmond, or a walk to Hampstead, by no means imply a power to pierce thickets, break down branches, climb neighbouring trees, or burst through impeding hedges."

George paused, while William, his younger brother, said despondingly, "I don't think I shall get any nuts, for I am sure I can do none of these things; besides, I am a kind of heavy boy as well as a little one, so that I don't suppose I shall get *any*, for I am sure town boys are not the same as country boys in some things."

George, who had been charmed with his visit to his uncle's in Derbyshire, and was fully persuaded of his own prowess, was stimulated by his brother's language rather than depressed; and he eagerly interrupted him, to exclaim, "it may be so with you, Bill, who can scarcely be called a match

with either of the cousins near your own age; but in regard to myself, who am taller than Richard, and just as old, the case is quite different. Now, uncle, what will you bet that I don't bring home the better filled bag to-morrow evening?"

"I am by no means fond of wagers, George, but to oblige you I will place the matter on this footing. If you bring the best laden bag I will forfeit the large bowl of syllabub, and you shall be master of the feast; if—"

"Hurrah!—dear uncle, you are very kind; it will be the most refreshing thing in the world after our day's fatigue; but don't say a word to Richard, or I shan't consider it a fair wager."

"You have not yet heard my proposal: it is, that if Richard brings home the most nuts, you shall write twenty lines of Latin verse the day after."

"Latin verses in holiday time!—that appears to me quite unnatural, uncle."

"Every one to his taste. I have as great a fancy for your verses as you can have to my syllabub; so the bargain is a fair one."

"Oh! I am quite willing—I know I shall win."

The rest of the party entering, a significant look from each person to the other concluded the agreement, and various voices were heard arranging their plans, and disposing, by

anticipation, of their expected gains. George professed an intention of sending his bag to Russel Square, by the wagon, "just to astonish the natives." Tom intended to make strings of hob, dob, does, such as had never been made before. Frederick hoped to bring home a few for his sisters at all events, though he confessed he should crack a great many ; and Richard professed an intention of bottling a few, and burying them in the garden, for his mamma to eat at Christmas. All were full of plans, and in their various schemes and wishes developed their dispositions, and enabled their affectionate relatives to see how they could best render their amusements not only pleasurable, but beneficial to them.

The morning was as fine as young hearts could desire. A hearty though hasty breakfast was swallowed by the boys, during which the kind sisters made their appearance ; and the eldest examined their baskets of provision, cautioned Tom against running into danger, and recommended Frederick and his cousin William to observe all that Johnson said to them. This done, their guide appeared, a shout of exultation proclaimed their readinsss "to be off ;" and away they all bounded, each armed with a bag and a hooked stick, all boasting or believing that they should do great things, and George's voice soaring above the rest, as he sang,

"Five blither lads ye wad nae see."

On they went, neither turning to right nor left, though many a temptation was in their way as they passed the hedgerows in Mr. Rothwell's fields, and others in their vicinity, where hung many a rich cluster of the fruit they sought. This forbearance might be attributed to Johnson's observation, that "gathering them there nuts was work for women;" and who ever knew a boy that would submit to do "women's work?"—these were left for their sisters to gather.

Even afterwards, when a coppice was entered where many hazel trees grew, they still trudged patiently after their guide, though, he allowed, the young trees "grew handy for the little ones to gather;" there were no "little ones" (at such an early hour) who would plead guilty to any unmanly characteristic. All and each were ambitious of reaching "high-bank wood," where, all the world knew, the "best brown shellers" alone, could be found—where there were rocks to climb, brushwood to impede you, springs to intercept you, delightful difficulties to overcome, and rich rewards to recompense exertion."

At length the brow of the wooded hill was gained; the thick clusters weighed down the drooping stems, as if inviting the hand to gather them, and, in some places the ripe brown fruit had dropt on the grass below. Richard, an old nutter, cast his eye around, and seeing where best he could

obtain such a standing as would enable him to bring down the nuts, began his operations with the caution of an adept. George, shouting for joy, and from the sense of conscious triumph, felt as if he could instantly sweep all he beheld into his bag; whilst Tom, with great alertness, began swarming up a high tree, and having seated himself across one of the branches, drew up the ends of the nut-tree sprigs with great facility, and soon conveyed the fruit into the bag which hung round his neck. He had not, however, pursued this method of realizing long, when venturing too near the end of the branch, it broke under him, and he fell into the thicket below, his open bag disgorging its contents—his hooked stick left sticking in the tree—his hat lodged out of all reach, and his trowsers miserably torn in the descent.

But Tom's troubles were of short duration. He was not a boy to mind a bump or a scratch, and he had seen from his elevation so much of the riches of the land, as would enable him, by perseverance, soon to recover his loss, a loss which the little active Frederick turned to good account, as, creeping through the more pervious parts of the underwood, he regained many a rich bunch lost from Tom's bag, besides using his position to look up through the branches, and knock down those ripe nuts he had not height nor strength to reach; and this art he communicated to his cousin William, who

crept fearfully after him, and thought a single nut, so obtained, an achievement.

Far different was the fate of poor George; every twig he seized appeared to him animated with a power of repelling his attacks; they eluded his strongest grasp, bounced against his face, slipped from his hook, tore his hands and his clothes; and even when at length he despondingly submitted to beg instruction from Johnson, he succeeded little better. Despite of the excitement of the scene, and the general buoyancy of his happy spirits, poor George felt and owned that he was discomfited completely.

Courage!" cried Richard, as with a heavy bag he joined George—"remember what Miss Edgeworth says of the difference between 'heroes full, and heroes fasting'—let us sit down in this pleasant glade and dine; you see Johnson is spreading our cloth below the shadow of that noble oak."

Down they sate, and thankfully did they eat, and merrily did they descant on their adventures and their troubles, until George's spirits again were roused to exertion, and his past failures became beacons which he considered likely to ensure future success. Nor was he wholly wrong; for his renewed strength and his acquired experience so far assisted his future endeavours that he really did attain the power of securing a decent portion of nuts—quite as many as any in-

habitant of Russel Square could expect, on the day of their installation into the profession of a nut-gatherer.

At length the sun gave symptoms of decline, and the strength and spirits of the younger portion of our party resembled him; but a glass of spruce beer so far revived them that all set out for home with renewed spirits; and under the care of Johnson their strength was so well husbanded, that they hailed the rising chimnies of "sweet, sweet home," with acclamations of delight.

George alone was silent, not from envy of the heavy bag which he had several times most kindly assisted his cousin Richard to carry, but from a sense of his own folly in supposing that he could outshine that cousin; and he felt most anxious to make the *amende honourable* by confessing his error, yet had also to struggle with his own pride and mortification on the occasion. As every one was completely tired, it was no wonder they entered the lawn, which led to the house, in an irregular manner; and when they surrounded Mr. Rothwell, who was waiting at a certain white gate to receive them, it was no wonder that he did not, in the first instance, perceive who was the most loaded with the produce of the woods.

"William, my little man, how are you? I fear this day's fatigue has been too much for a little London boy."

"Oh, no, uncle, I am not tired a bit, I assure you; and look at my bag, it is a quarter full at least; not that I got the nuts myself, I own, but every body was good to me. I got lots that fell out of poor Tom's bag; and Richard threw me many a fine bunch, when he was gathering his own great heap; and Frederick—poor little fellow!—showed me the way of it; so you see, altogether, I have got quite a decent show for a cockney."

"That is more than I can say," observed George, "though I don't plead guilty to being a cockney."

"Mr. Rothwell was just about to reply to this confession, when Mrs. Rothwell and her daughter joined him on the lawn, being anxious to see the younger branches. As each came in with the air of one wearied, though all were in spirits, it was not immediately remarked that Richard had not arrived.

On entering the usual sitting room, each boy deposited his bag on the table, and with it his own account of his difficulties, perils, and comparative success. In the midst of this confusion and exultation, Richard entered, and quietly seated himself at a little distance from the busy group.

"You are sadly tired, I fear, Richard?" said his mamma.

"I am tired, but not overdone, I assure you, my dear mother. I only lagged behind to call at Betty Holmes's to measure my nuts,"

"And how many had you got?" said Maria.

"There was a bushel and several quarts, I forget how many."

"Produce them, my boy, I am interested in your bag," said his papa.

Richard instantly rose, and approaching his father, said with some confusion, "I am very sorry, Sir—I had no idea you wanted the nuts, and—and I gave them to Betty."

"How happened that, Richard? I wish you had not done so, I confess."

"Why, Sir, all the time the poor old woman was measuring them, she kept praising them, and said once or twice to herself, as it were, 'lauk-a-me!—what fine ones they be!

Now at Bakewell fair these nuts would fetch a surprising deal.'"

"And so you gave them the poor creature for purposes of merchandize. Well, well, I cannot blame you, though I lose a syllabub by you, nor am I very sorry to find you so truly generous as to be able to give a boon so hardly earned. George, I must pay my wager, for it is evident that your bag is far better filled than Richard's."

"No, dear uncle, I have no claim. I resign all right to the syllabub."

"Nor have I any claim to the praise of being generous,"

said Richard evidently labouring under some particular anxiety.

"Not generous to give away all your nuts!" said Maria, "How you talk! Besides, you have given Betty Holmes many a thing to my knowledge."

"Not because I was generous, Maria, for I owed her more than I could ever pay her, I am certain."

"Owed her!" exclaimed Mr. Rothwell, "what can you mean? How could you dare to contract obligation to a poor woman like that, unknown to me?"

"Dear father, I will tell you how it was, since my mother is absent. I used to be very fond of climbing trees, and once, when I was about Frederick's age, I got up to the very top of the larch in the Lea lane, when all at once the topmost bough gave way (in the same manner a lower one did to-day with Tom) and I fell, but not to the ground. Most happily, Betty was passing under at the moment; she caught me in her arms and we rolled down together, she being a good deal the worse hurt of the two. When I came to myself, she took me to her cottage, rubbed my bruises with vinegar, made me lie down an hour, and did all she could to soothe and restore me, only insisting 'that I would neither do such a naughty trick again,' nor on any account 'tell Madam the danger I had experienced, lest she should be always in fear for me.' For

this reason I have hitherto been silent as to my error, but certainly not unmindful of my obligation. Since I am now of an age to be trusted, I hope I am right in explaining my situation as to poor Betty."

"You *are* right, Richard; the duties we owe the poor woman now devolve on me—but here comes our good mamma, followed by supper and syllabub."

All troubles were speedily forgotten by our nutting friends, who "fought all their battles o'er again" with much glee, till, overpowered by fatigue, the three youngest withdrew, already half asleep. Richard was cheerful, though he did not say much; but George for the first time was silent and thoughtful, yet evidently in good will with all around him.

The following morning, as Mr. Rothwell was returning from Betty Holmes's cottage, where he had "made the widow's heart sing for joy," and received himself the purest pleasure in hearing the praises of his son Richard, who was the old woman's especial darling, he met his nephew George, who, approaching him with an air of assumed gravity, though with a buoyant step, placed in his hand a neatly written copy of Latin verses.

"What may this be, George?"

"My payment of the wager, uncle, which undoubtedly was due in *honour*. I am afraid it will be found very faulty, but indeed I have done my best."

"I will examine it in the library, and depend upon it, even if I find many errors, I shall yet duly estimate the good feeling which dictated your conduct in writing it. After a day of such exertion and excitement as yesterday, it required no little resolution to sit down steadily to work, in a boy of your age and—"

"And *habits*, you were going to say, uncle. Ah! I know I have been very idle, but I have begun to feel—I mean, to think—how happy it would make my father to see me as steady and good as Richard (who is a famous fellow at play too,) so I intend to try what I can do. But do tell me, *dear* uncle, if it is likely I should ever overtake him as to being clever and good?"

"Unquestionably! At your time of life, and with your natural abilities, diligence will conquer every difficulty, and affection sweeten every toil."

"Then I will begin from this very day. I will try to get as good a name in the school as I have in the play-ground; and who knows, uncle—*who knows* but I may live to be a Lord Chancellor?"

"Who indeed, George?" Nevertheless, though I approve of this rapid change in the object of your ambition, from a bag of nuts to a woolsack, I would yet remind you that good resolutions, and good conduct also, may arise from blending

a little humility and diffidence of your own powers, with a steady determination to exert those powers,"

"Yes, yes, uncle; I see all that," said George, as a quick blush rose over his honest countenance; "I hope I shall never forget the lesson I learnt from my own mortification yesterday. "No, as long as I live I will remember my dear consin's kindness, my own folly, and every thing connected with our 'Nutting Party.'"

THE RECALL.

By Mrs. Hemans.

O'ER the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come thou long parted one !
Back to thy home.
When the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place ;
While the true heart pineth,
Missing thy face.
O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come, thou long parted one !
Back to thy home.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou wert gone ;
Sisters are mourning thee—
Come to thine own !

Hark ! the home-voices call,
 Back to thy rest !
 Come to thy father's hall,
 Thy mother's breast !
 O'er the far blue mountains,
 O'er the white sea-foam,
 Come, thou long parted one !
 Back to thy home !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

By Miss Mitford.

THE book is filled, thy comrade long,
 The pretty book of sketch and song ;
 Of words with gentle kindness fraught,
 Of wisdom, peace, and lofty thought :
 Book of sweet sadness ! Book that told
 Of friends beloved beneath the mould,
 And waken'd oft the tender sigh
 For vacant homes, and years gone by.

Yet sighs that breathe o'er well-spent hours,
Are sweet as western winds on flowers ;
Yet tears, o'er virtuous memories shed,
Embalm and sanctify the dead.
And, oh ! may many a brightening ray
Illume and gild thine onward day !
And many a friend (for few can claim,
More proud to share, that honour'd name)
Combine thy future life to bless
With peace, and love, and happiness !
For thee may every good conspire,
That verse can ask, or heart desire !
And the full Album's latest line
Call blessings down on thee and thine !

THE TWO SOLILOQUIES ;

OR,

THE IDLE BOY, AND THE IDLE BOY BECOME A MAN.

By Miss Jewsbury.

O DEAR me! what a terrible trouble it is to learn lessons and go to school! Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a whole column and a half of words with meanings, to get by heart: I wish words had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must begin to learn them:—p-r-i-s pris, o-n on, prison, “a place where people are confined.” Why couldn’t they say school at once?—that’s a prison, I am sure. Well, what comes next? P-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish; I know the meaning of that word without the book, every body in our house is so fond of using it. “Master Charles,” says old cross nurse, “if you will rampage out your clothes in this manner, I shall ask your papa to punish you.” “Master Charles,” cries Betty housemaid, “you deserve punishing, that you do, *scrasing* my chairs, and writing on my tables so.”—Now

they are not your chairs and tables Mrs. Betty, they are papa's. O this nasty ugly lesson, I never shall get it! P-l-e-a-s pleas, u-r-e ure, pleasure, "gratification of mind." Nay, but I am sure pleasure means eating penny tarts, and playing at watchmen and thieves with all our scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a new book. Read, read, read,—I hate reading: when I'm a man, I'll never open a book, and I'll never send my children to school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it shall be a grey one with a long tail, and I'll ride up and down street all day long. O, how I wish I were a man now!

* * * * *

Yes, I am a man; and wo is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was even over my spelling! always at the bottom of my class, and my book thumbed and dog's-eared, and cried over—the very emblem of duncishness. "Do, Charles, learn your lessons," said my father, or "you'll be fit for nothing when a man." "Do, dear Charles, give your mind to your books, or I shall be ashamed of owning you for my boy," said my poor mother; but no, I must give my mind to whipping tops, and eating cakes; and a fine scholar they made me! Now, there was Fred Jones; he

liked play well enough, but he liked reading better; and he learnt more out of school hours than ever I did in them. Fred Jones is now like myself, a man, but a very different kind of man: he has made friends among the wise, the honourable, and the learned. I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance! He can interest a whole company with useful information: I am obliged either to be silent, or talk about the weather and my neighbours. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but now it is too late: I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time, I could not now turn my reading to profit!

Behold the bitter fruits of idleness in childhood!

THE QUARRIES UNDER PARIS.

Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?—BYRON.

THE beautiful city of Paris contains many objects worthy of the attention of the traveller ; but the immense subterranean cavern over which it is built, must always excite the deepest interest in the breast of the curious observer. The important fact, that this fine city actually stands on the brink of a frightful abyss, remained a state secret till the middle of the last century : even the existence of the caverns now known by the name of the Quarries was treated as a fable by foreigners, and doubted by the greater part of the Parisians themselves, till Mr. Thomas White member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, obtained leave from the French Government to visit them and published the following amusing account of his subterranean travels in the second volume of the Manchester Transactions :

"At the entrance by the Observatoire Royal the path is narrow for a considerable way ; but soon we entered large and spacious streets, all marked with names, the same as in the

city. Different advertisements and bills were found as we proceeded, pasted on the walls, so that it had every appearance of a large town, swallowed up in the earth. The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet ; but, in some parts not less than thirty or forty. In many places there is a liquor continually dropping from it which congeals immediately, and forms a species of transparent stone, but not so fine and clear as rock-crystal. As we continued our peregrination, we thought ourselves in no small danger from the roof, which we found but indifferently propped up, in some places, with wood much decayed. Under the houses, and many of the streets, however, it seemed to be tolerably secured, by immense stones set in mortar : in other parts, where there are only fields and gardens, it was totally unsupported for a considerable space, the roof being perfectly level as a plane piece of rock. After traversing about two miles, we again descended about twenty steps, and here found some workmen, in a very cold, damp place, propping up a most dangerous part, which they were fearful would give way every moment. The path here is not more than three feet in width ; and the roof so low, that we were forced to stoop considerably. On walking some little distance farther, we entered into a kind of saloon, cut out of the rock, and said to be exactly under the Eglise de St. Jaques. This was illuminated

with great taste, occasioned an agreeable surprise, and made us all ample amends for the danger and difficulty we had just before gone through. At one end was a representation, in miniature, of some of the principal forts in the Indies, with the fortifications, draw-bridges, &c. ; and cannons were planted with a couple of soldiers to each, ready to fire. Sentinels were placed in different parts of the garrison, particularly before the governor's house ; and a regiment of armed men was drawn up in another place, with their general in the front. The whole was made up of a kind of clay which the place affords, was ingeniously contrived, and the light that was thrown upon it gave a very pretty effect. On the other side of this hall was a long table, set out with cold tongues, bread and butter, and some of the best burgundy I ever drank. Now every thing was hilarity and mirth, and the danger we dreaded the moment before, was no longer thought of. In short, we were all in good spirits again, and proceeded on our journey about two miles farther, when our guides judged it prudent for us to ascend, as we were then got to the steps which lead up to the town. We here found ourselves safe at the Val de Grace, near to the English Benedictine convent, without the least accident having happened to any one of the party. We imagined we had walked about two French leagues, and were absent from the surface of the earth between four and five hours.

“There were formerly several openings into the Quarries; but the two I have mentioned,—namely, the Observatory and Val de Grace,—are I believe, the only ones left; and these the inspectors keep carefully locked, and rarely open them, except to strangers particularly introduced, and to workmen, who are always employed in some part by the King. The police thought it a necessary precaution to secure all the entrances into this cavern, from its having been formerly inhabited by a famous band of robbers, who infested the country for many miles round Paris. As to the origin of this quarry, I could not, on the strictest inquiry, learn any thing satisfactory; and the only account I know published, is the following, contained in the *Tableaux de Paris, nouvelle edition, tome premier, chapitre, 5me, page 12me*. ‘For the first building of Paris, it was necessary to get the stone in the environs, and the consumption of it was very considerable. As Paris was enlarged, the suburbs were insensibly built on the ancient quarries, so that all you see without is essentially wanting in the earth for the foundation of the city: hence proceed the frightful cavities which, at this time, are found under the houses in several quarters. They stand upon abysses. It would not require a very violent shock to throw back the stones to the place from whence they have been raised with so much difficulty. Eight men being swallowed

up in a gulph one hundred and fifty feet deep, and some other accidents, excited, at length the vigilance of the police and government; and, in fact, the buildings of several quarters have been privately propped up, and by this means has been given to these obscure subterraneous places the support which they before wanted.' All the suburbs of St. James's Harpstreet, and even the street of Tournou, stand upon the ancient quarries, and pillars have been erected to support the weight of the houses. What a subject for reflection, in considering this great city formed and supported by means absolutely contrary! These towers, these steeples, the arched roofs of these temples, are so many signs to tell the eye that what we now see in the air is wanting under our feet."

Since Mr. White's visit to the Quarries, a great alteration has taken place in the interior of these caverns: for the contents of all the cemeteries in Paris have been lodged there ever since the memorable Revolution; and they now contain the bones of three millions of human beings. These last remains of mortality are fancifully arranged on the floor, in a kind of pattern resembling a Mosaic pavement. The skulls are heaped in the form of an immense altar, at the upper end of the great saloon; and the whole has a singularly whimsical appearance. This is, indeed, a strange proof of levity in our Gallic neighbours, who seem desirous of ex-

cluding solemn ideas from the mind, even in the midst of these chambers of death. A thinking person will, nevertheless, feel awed as he enters the Quarries, and contemplates the scene around him, which will afford him a striking lesson on the vanity of human life, and the folly of ambition; nor will the impression be less vivid, when he considers that a slight shock of an earthquake, or even the loosening of a prop may mingle his bones with those of these forgotten millions.

HEBE.

By Frederick Muller.

Who could not smile and sing of thee,
Thou fair and lovely thing ?
Sweet child, in all thy sportive glee,
Thou knows't no sorrowing !
But smiles, and joys, and happy hours,
Are unto thee as pretty flowers :
Not flowers of earth—but of the sky,
That bud, and bloom, but never die !

There is no shadow on thy face,
No cloud upon thy brow ;
I love the silent tranquil grace
Shed o'er thy beauty now ;
Thou innocent and happy one,
Thou star of childhood's horizon,
Where sky and cloud are ever fair,
Without one shade to slumber there !

Sweet peace has spread her gentle wings
Like clouds around thy form ;
Where thou dost sit—a lovely thing,
Secure from every storm ;
The dove comes with her happy brood,
To murmur o'er thy solitude,
And the eagle stoops his sunny flight,
Gently beside thy form of light.

There thou wilt sit secure from harm,
And every earthly sorrow ;
Each morn will fill thy cup of balm,
Without one thought of morrow ;
And time will pass on rainbow wing,
Like a dove without its sorrowing ;
And thou wilt ever, ever be,
A child amidst eternity !

CHILDREN OF THE LAKE.

AFTER a toilsome day's journey along the eastern border of Lake Champlain, some time in the month of June, 1833, I stopped, as it grew towards sunset, at a refreshing spring by the wayside, for the double purpose of reviving the energies of my jaded horse, and of inquiring of a little urchin who was there filling a bucket, respecting the distance to the nearest inn, or other house, where I could be entertained until morning. The instant I had put the question, his intelligent eyes seemed to acquire an additional lustre, and as if instinctively prompted by a particular desire to serve me, he set down his vessel and approaching, replied, that it was at least three miles to the tavern, and through a very lonely way; but, added he, at the same time, unconsciously laying his hand on the bridle which I was reining up for a start, we live close by, in the white house you observe through the trees yonder, and I know my grandfather will be glad to have you put up for the night with us, I will take care of your horse myself, and my mother will do her very best to get a good supper.

The pressing and artless invitation of the little fellow inclined me to believe he knew something of the character of his parents for hospitality; and as the object of my tour was adventure, I allowed him, as he had already put my horse in motion, to lead on. On turning into the avenue that led up to the front of the mansion, I was peculiarly delighted with the simple yet charming aspect of all around; scarcely a stone was out of place, the bushes and flowers that skirted the way on either side were trimmed with such regularity, and exhibited such evidences of tasteful industry, that I asked my little guide if his father employed a man solely to do the garden work. He smiled and said his father was not wealthy enough for that; and if he were, added he, with an air of satisfaction, he would have no need, for I am able, and love to do such work, and, indeed, all other that he is willing I should undertake. I commended him for forming such habits of industry and acquiescence in the judgment of older persons, and was about to ask some further questions, when a pleasant looking elderly gentleman, whom he styled grandfather, stepped from the door to which we had nearly arrived, and came to meet us. There was a benignity in his every feature which at once assured me of a welcome; so without further ceremony I dismounted, and briefly relating the reason of my intrusion, hoped if the kind hearted little

one had made a demand upon his goodness which it was not convenient to accede to, he would not hesitate so to say, and then mechanically turned as if I would have remounted, but my horse had vanished.

My young readers will understand that the sudden disappearance of my horse was not owing to the agency of any of the fabulous beings, which are so often foolishly introduced in readings designed for the youthful minds, the truth was, the generous nature of the boy could brook no further preliminaries than merely to ascertain the need of the stranger, so the moment I was off the saddle, the saddle was off the horse, and in a few minutes we were both in a fair way for realizing the substantial gratifications so cheering to the weary at such an hour. The benevolent host had interrupted the train of apologies usual on such occasions, by a most positive welcome, and in going the few steps to the door, we became quite familiar friends; so instantaneous were the influences of that noble spirit so perceptible in the manner of the child, and so perfected in the bearing and character of his amiable relation.

I was ever a great lover of nature; the gently sloping hill, the majestic mountain and the spreading lawn, possess charms, that exalt while they delight the musing mind; but here was a scene, the pleasantness of which perhaps none

but travellers can conceive. The beautiful lake harmonizing with the tranquillity of the hour, seemed, as it glided along a few rods before the portico on which my host and myself were then standing, to murmur an invitation for me to come nearer, and indulge in that sweet communion with the past and absent, that the contemplation of a softly flowing sheet of water is certain to inspire. Accordingly, when my new friend had presented me to his interesting family, the several members of which will in due time be introduced to the reader, I obeyed my feelings, and wandering down to the margin, was soon lost in the contemplation of the romantic scenery with which I was surrounded ; and then first flitted across my mind the reminiscence which led to a protracted sojourn with the happy family upon whose courtesy I was thus unexpectedly thrown, and, to the relation of the singular and somewhat romantic incidents forming the present subject.

Having alluded to the recollection of some circumstance that transpired in years gone by, it is more proper to inform the reader of its import, and bearing upon the theme of these pages.

During the late war, and shortly after McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain, I was bearing some private government dispatches to the town of Plattsburgh, and happening to pass in the vicinity of the very spot where I was thus

calling up the images of former scenes, my attention was forcibly attracted by a group of the three represented in the engraving, standing close together upon the beach, gazing intently over the wide expanse before them, as if in eager anticipation of some home-bound sail. The singularity of the occurrence excited my curiosity, and I asked for what they were thus earnestly looking. It was a question too much, and deeply did I repent of my inquisitiveness, when I noticed the instantaneous gush of anguish that poured from the eyes of the lonely trio: I would have given worlds to have soothed the emotion it occasioned, though the associations it had unhappily awakened, were yet, to me, a most inscrutable mystery. The eldest, a sweet creature just blooming into womanhood, gave me to understand that her father, and another person, had sailed a day or two before the battle, in a small schooner with a cargo of supplies for the American fleet, and had not since been heard of. I at once conjectured the nature of the catastrophe, and promising my utmost exertions to obtain some tidings of the absent, I pursued my journey; melancholy with the thought of the many dreary days these little innocents might unavailingly watch for the father's returning prow.

In the midst of my reverie, while reflecting upon the incident just related, I was interrupted by my little friend, inviting

me to a participation in the welcome considerations of the table; and obeying the hint with an immediate locomotive demonstration, I was soon in the enviable predicament of one much in debt to an importunate appetite, and, having the wherewith to answer its demands.

The social evening board, it is well known, is a wonderful inspirer of conversation, and stirrer up of the days "lang syne;" wherefore, when the mysterious influence came on, I introduced the subject of my former visit to the Lake with the circumstance already detailed to the reader, concluding the recital as follows.

On taking leave of the hapless three, I penciled down the name of their father and his vessel, determining to write the British commandant at Isle au Noix; suspecting that the cause of the non-return, was capture and detention by the enemy. Having this impression on my mind, I hastened to the point of my destination to embrace the first opportunity of obtaining information.

The day after my arrival at Plattsburgh, I fortunately learned that General Moores was about to despatch a messenger to the British commander Brisbane; I accordingly enclosed a note to the Intendant at Isle au Noix, inquiring if the person I named was a prisoner there, and if so, whether his vessel could be redeemed, and himself exchanged for any

prisoner in the American camp. With return of the despatch I received an affirmative reply, and was also informed that the individual accompanying the one whose enlargement I solicited, could also be released on similar conditions. As communication was necessarily much obstructed, the letter contained at once all requisite information relative to the appraisal of the prize, and the persons demanded in exchange.

Enjoying considerable influence in Plattsburg, I readily succeeded in procuring the liberation of the one last named in the overture; but the other, being a British lieutenant, was detained a fortnight longer, that a court martial might decide upon the merits of my petition. The result being favourable, I paid into his hands, on the day of his departure, the sum demanded for the vessel, and giving instructions for its immediate application to the purpose intended on his arrival at Isle au Noix, I left Plattsburgh pursuant to an order from the President to return to Washington. Having thus fulfilled what I conceived heaven to have thrown in my way as a pleasant duty, I left the issue to work out as it would; being so absorbed in the responsibilities of my station from that time to the close of the war, that I remained, and am to this day ignorant of the final eventuation; nor have I now the smallest facility in ascertaining, having long since lost the memoranda of the names, dates, &c.

When my relation was ended, the table, which by the way, had served, rather to support the elbows of my listening associates, than in its legitimate capacity, was removed, and I was about making another draft upon my memory for some other topic for our entertainment. My new friend, however, interrupted my ruminations by remarking that my story corresponded well with the history of a person with whom he was acquainted, and that if I pleased, he would relate his friend's adventures. He began precisely where I had ceased, and I very soon delightedly discovered that accident was about to reveal the sequel of this, perhaps, the most romantic incident with which I was identified.

The person before spoken of as having been first liberated from British durance, on his enlargement, repaired to his home, and within two or three days was appointed master of a gun boat, and boldly hoisted sail upon that very water where so recently he had been made captive. A challenge was made, as was often the case, on private account, by the Canadian cruisers in these small craft, to the little American flotilla to which our brave commander was attached. The offer was accepted, and the hostile parties were soon seen stretching for the scene of combat. The keen eye of our present hero soon discovered in the enemy's line the identical bottom, which, together with his own personal liberty, the

unceremonious adversary had so lately appropriated to himself. That sight, and the consequent reflections, probably decided the fate of the action, by inspiring an invincible resolution that no opposition could withstand; the several crews soon caught the ardour, and to meet, and conquer was a moment's work. The schooner was re-captured by our hero and carried in triumph back to the port from which she had sailed when laden with supplies for McDonough's fleet.

A few days subsequent to the rencontre, the lieutenant who had been exchanged for the owner of the now re-captured vessel, arrived at Isle au Noix. According to the stipulation, the American was immediately provided with a passport beyond the British line; and the gold, which was to have redeemed his vessel, honourably given into his possession; as the fortune of war had, already as above stated, re-taken the prize from the captor's hands. He returned safely to the bosom of his family, and joining in partnership with his friend in further adventure and speculation in the way he had before attempted, amassed in a few years a very considerable competence, and then retired to enjoy the fruits of his turmoil, at a pleasant estate not far from this; his two daughters, in the mean time, having been united in wedlock to the two sons of his friend, whose fortunes had been so closely linked with his own. The little fellow, his son, the second

figure in the engraving, some two or three years since obtained a lieutenancy in the navy, and is now in the Mediterranean station.

My impatience to see the interesting family, and look again upon the sisters whom last I left weeping upon the dreary shore, was now wrought to such intensity, that I would willingly have started instantly in search, though the night was lowering and far on the wane ; but, as reason and nature dictated, we all retired to rest, my kind host agreeing to guide me in the morning to his friend's abode.

With the first dawns of Aurora I rose and equipped for the visit ; my companion for the journey, aware of my excitement, had our horses in readiness, and before the early birds were stirring, we were well upon the road. At a distance of about seven miles, we halted at the place of destination ; a spacious, neat establishment, where industry and easy competence were unitedly apparent. The family were seated at the morning repast, my friend taking me by the arm, walked in, and accosted them with familiar salutation, observed to the old gentleman at the head of the table, "This is the friend to whom we are indebted for our unexpected deliverance when prisoners at Isle au Noix." At this announcement a most pleasurable astonishment, for a moment, prevented all utterance, myself being as much confounded at

finding my noble entertainer a party, as the others were at the sudden appearance of one so long a subject of most grateful remembrance. After a welcome, the fervency of which a thousand times repaid my service, I was made acquainted with the several members of the family. The eldest daughter, now the happy wife of the old gentleman's son, and resident, with her husband, under his roof, recognized my features and voice, and vividly described the occasion of our former interview.

In order to a more complete demonstration of their heartfelt happiness, the two old associates resolved on a meeting of all their families and kindred at the mansion of my host, where we returned the same afternoon. Here I was welcomed by the second daughter, who at the scene on the border of the lake, was quite an infant; now, the mother of the intelligent little one, to whose good nature we owed our present mutual gratification. Though married, she was domiciliated with her parents; her husband being captain of a whale ship, and now at sea. She then explained to me that her father had enjoined upon herself and mother not to divulge the secret of their identification with my lake adventure, until he should be prepared to give me the complete and pleasureable surprise consummated in the morning.

When the festivities were over, and I was about pursuing

my journey, my venerable friend, with tears for my departure, and joy for the opportunity of returning what he called my own, put into my hands the deeds of a small estate he had purchased with the sum I had advanced for the redemption of his vessel, but which vessel, as before mentioned, the fortune of war had thrown into his friend's possession. Feeling no desire for the re-acquisition of what I had once cheerfully bestowed, I begged he would apportion it to his three amiable children, and accept in addition, my draft for a trifle, to be given to his grandson, when he came of age, as a memento of his kindness to a stranger, and that stranger's appreciation of a virtuous disposition and a noble heart.

R——.

"THE STREAM'S NOT DEEP LLERENA."

The morning sun is smiling now,
And glances o'er the sparkling brook;
And see, the rippling waters flow,
O'er the smooth stones—dear sister, look!

See then I've raised a pretty bower,
So nicely sheltered from the sun:
And many a vine and many a flower,
Along the turf I've trained to run.

The violet there beside the stream,
And there the lily stands alone:
And see how beautiful the wave,
Ripples around yon mossy stone.

Dear sister come, a wild flower wreath,
And garlands have been made for you:
And I have gathered from the heath,
The blue-bell bathed in morning dew.

Oh, cross with me, and all the morn
We'll wander by the shelving shore.
Come—fear me not—my arm is strong,
And I will lead thee safely o'er. R.



H. Corbould Del.

J.W. Sadler Sc.

LLERENA CROSSING THE BROOK.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEGGAR OF BAGDAT.

By Miss Jewsbury.

"WHAT a miserable world this is!" exclaimed Karoun the beggar, as he sat one day at the gates of the city of Bagdat; "Were I to make it over again, I could exceedingly mend it! My world should contain no kings, and certainly no cadis—every one should do that which was right in his own eyes—it should be possible to get money without working for it—and knowledge without learning. Allah! what a miserable world is this. Of what use are the tribes of children, for ever interrupting one with their noisy play?—Without doubt, we should be well rid of some thousands;—and their mothers,—why are women such tender, delicate creatures? In my world, they should be as strong as horses, and dig, and plant, and go to battle, like their husbands. Then, with regard to gold, and silver, and precious stones, there should either be plenty for every one, or else none at all,—the same of palaces—the same of fine horses and rich clothes. As to diseases

and misfortunes,—I would abolish them altogether, just as I would do away with poisons, precipices, storms, earthquakes, and whatever else tends to shorten life. Oh, what a beautiful world I would make of this ! However, I feel inclined for a nap, at present, so I will remove to yonder grove for the benefit of the shade."

The self-complacent beggar accordingly stretched himself beneath a large plane tree, and presently fell into a sound slumber; in which slumber he was visited with the following dream.—He fancied himself exactly where he was, lying under a plane tree, but he also fancied he heard a most extraordinary noise proceed from the branches. He further fancied that, on lifting up his eyes to discover the cause, he found the plane tree filled with birds of all nations, and occupied, according to their ability, in screaming, singing, whistling, and chattering. They were more vociferous than all the beggars of Bagdat, and grievously annoyed our friend Karoun. By and by the plane tree became quiet, the birds ranged themselves on the boughs, in companies according to their kind,—and the beggar discovered that it was a "Parliament of Birds," met to deliberate on the state of the feathered world. The golden eagle sat aloft in silent majesty; and a venerable horned owl opened the business of the meeting, by entreating the members to conduct the debate

with decorum, and bear in mind that wisdom was never confined to the birds of one generation. He was followed by a superb red-and-green parrot, who scratched his head, and spoke as follows.

"I conceive that, for many ages, birds have been grossly ill used by nature; and I hail the meeting of the present assembly, as a proof that the rights and the privileges of all who have claws and beaks are about to be better understood. I do not speak for myself. My fate makes me the associate of man, and the favourite of ladies; I am fed with dainties, and observe all that passes in dining and drawing rooms—for myself I have little reason to complain—I speak as a patriot;—why should not all birds have the privileges of parrots! Is it not gross partiality, that we alone should have gilt cages?"

The speaker ceased amidst tremendous applause. A crow spoke next.

"I agree with the parrot," said he, "in blaming nature; but I disagree with him, as to his mode of charging her with injustice. The evil lies deeper. There ought to be *no* gilt cages; *no* fine plumage; *no* sweet voices amongst us. Why is one kind of bird to be exalted over another? and yet this will ever be the case whilst these vain and useless distinctions remain in force.

"Why am I to serve the farmer, by clearing his fields of grubs and worms, and be considered a lowlived bird because I am only useful; whilst the nightingale is to be followed by admiration, because she—sings! Why does not man write poetry about me? What is the nightingale but a bird like myself? is not she?"—

Here the crow was called to order, and a very beautiful dove spoke next.

"I do not complain," said she, "of what the preceding orators have complained; my complaint is, that distinction does not make amends for conscious weakness. What signify my delicate plumage and tender note, while I want the eagle's wing, and the hawk's eye?"

Here the owl attempted to speak next, but was prevented by a magpie.

"My case," said that chatterer, "is harder still; my plumage is beautiful, but no one will own it;—I talk, but no one will listen to me;—I am a persecuted bird—an envied genius."

Here the magpie was interrupted by a sparrow.

"Why am I to be shot for a dumpling any more than the red-breast?"

"And why," said the lark, "Am I to be roasted any more than the nightingale?"

"Why are we to be preyed upon by kites and hawks?" said all the little birds in chorus.

"Let us rebel," said the tomtits.

"Let us be kites and hawks ourselves," said the jenny-wrens.

"Let us leave man to pick up his own caterpillars," said the sparrows; "the world will come to an end without us!"

"It will! it will!" screamed all the birds that were precisely of the least consequence.

At this point, at once of the dream and the debate, Karoun fancied that he was called upon for his opinion, and that he thus addressed the congress of birds:—

"With the exception of the eagle and the owl, who, to do them justice, are sensible, well behaved bipeds, you are a set of foolish, insolent, half-witted creatures, not worthy of wearing feathers. Listen now to reason; and since birds cannot blush, hide your heads under your wings for shame.

"In the first place, Mr. Parrot, if every bird is to live in a gilt cage, and hang up in a drawing room, pray where is man to live himself?

"In the second place, I ask Mr. Crow, whether he clears the farmers' fields of worms from love to the farmer, or from desire of a good meal?

"Thirdly, if any of you, after a reasonable enjoyment of

life, object to being killed to feed man, why, I ask, may not the grubs and flies also object to being killed, in order to feed you?

"Fourthly, if you were all of one kind—all eagles or all kites—would there not be ten times more fighting amongst you than there is? and what, I ask, must you all live upon?

"Fifthly, if you object to dying altogether, and yet continue to treble your numbers every year, how, I ask, is the world to hold you all? As for you," continued the beggar, turning in great wrath towards the sparrows, the chaffinches, the larks, the wrens, and all who resembled them, "who is it that steals man's corn—eats man's cherries—pecks man's peas? Little, mischievous, prating varlets as you are, your lives are forfeited fifty times before they are taken!

"Lastly, I entreat you all, from the eagle down to the tomtit, to look away from your own individual interests, to the interests of the world, of which you form but a small portion. I do assure you, my friends, it is infinitely better, *on the whole*, that you should differ from each other, just as you do;—that some should be strong, some weak, some beautiful, some ugly; some wear fine coats, and some plain ones. And now begone, every one of you.—Disperse, I say!—and instead of wishing to amend nature, try to mend your own manners."

Straightway there was a great whirring of wings in the

air, occasioned by the breaking up of the bird parliament; and in a few minutes all was silent. It was now Karoun's turn to be reproved.

"Presumptuous mortal!" said an awful voice. Karoun started—and behold, he saw in his dream, a majestic form by his side, clothed with wings and shining garments.—"Presumptuous mortal!" continued the Genius, "thou hast had no pity on the folly of the birds, and yet thine own is far greater. Thou mend the world! Thy mending would be its destruction! Were there no disease and no misfortune, how could man exercise the virtues which fit him to enjoy Paradise? As to death, is it other than a blessing to the righteous? And if thou art wicked, is it not thine own fault? Next, if all possessed riches, who must work? And if no one had riches, who must pay for that work? Also, if every one were wise, who must learn? And if every one were ignorant, who must teach? Again, if all had leisure, and there were no law or cadì, thou thinkest the world would be happier;—no such thing! where there are two battles, there would be twenty; where there are five robberies there would be fifty; and for one lazy, discontented vagabond like thyself, there would be a thousand! Get up, Karoun, and go about thy business; and instead of wishing to mend the world, try to mend thine own manners."

Thus saying, the Genius vanished, and Karoun immediately awoke. After musing awhile, on his strange dream, he returned to the city of Bagdat much wiser than he had left it. It is but fair to say, that he immediately gave up his profession as a beggar, and hiring himself to a fisherman, became a much more respectable and contented personage than he had ever been before.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

By William Howitt.

THE wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field, it went blust'ring and humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;
It pluck'd by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And toss'd the colt's manes all about their brows,
'Till offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sullenly mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it fear'd not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And crack'd their great branches through and through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm:
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd:
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had pass'd on, and had met, in a lane,
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain;

For it toss'd him and twirl'd him, then pass'd, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

There was a poor man, hoary and old,
Cutting the heath on the open wold ;
The strokes of his bill were faint and few,
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blew ;
But behind him, before him, about him it came,
And the breath seem'd gone from his feeble frame ;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
Saying, " Plague on the wind ! was the like ever known ?
But now-a-days every wind that blows,
Tells one how weak an old man grows ! "

But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest,
On the sea-bird's rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing, to think in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

THE STORY OF THE TWO PIGEONS ;

OR,

TO OBLIGE QUICKLY IS TO OBLIGE TWICE.

By Miss Jewsbury.

"To-day is come, brother," said little Julia, "now lend me what you promised."

"Dear child," replied her brother, "don't tease so; you see how busy I am."

"But you said, Charles——"

"Yes, I know what I said: I said, that some day or other I would lend you my large cup and ball."

"Some day will never come!" said Julia, disconsolately.

"My dear," replied her brother Charles, with a very important air, "you should choose good times for reminding people of their promises. You always come when I am busy,

or when I am going out, or when, in fact, it is not convenient to attend to you."

"You were doing nothing when I asked, yesterday, brother."

"No : but I was just going to do something very particular."

"And to-day—oh, you are not busy now! do, dear Charles, lend me the pretty cup and ball ; I will take such great care of it."

"Why, Julia, I would fetch it you directly, but really the string is broken ; and papa wants me to walk with him, so I cannot stop to fasten on a fresh string ;—but without joking, Julia, you shall have it to-morrow."

Charles went to walk with his papa, and Julia to solace herself with her own playthings. She was not an ill tempered child ; but she felt exceedingly disappointed, and almost inclined to think her brother ill natured. Ill natured he was not, but he was thoughtless. He loved his sister affectionately ; but he was apt at times to love his own ease and pleasure better. When the next day came, and Julia again made her request, a conversation very like the preceding again took place. Charles made fresh excuses and promises, and Julia experienced a fresh disappointment.

Neither of the children was aware that their mamma had

heard and observed all that had passed. This had, however, been the case; and as she did not wish her little girl to get a habit of desiring what belonged to another, she purchased a cup and ball, which she gave Julia for her own; and told her, at the same time, why she did so.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Charles, who was standing by at the time, "I am very sorry,—not sorry, I mean, that poor Julia has got what she so much wished, but sorry that I have seemed so ill natured. Mamma, I will give Julia my barrel organ to make amends."

"There is no occasion for that, my dear," replied his mamma; "Julia does not require any present, to be convinced that you did not mean to be ill natured; and it is better that you should feel a little mortified, and not, by a sudden act of generosity, purchase back, as it were, your own good opinion, and perhaps commit the same fault again to-morrow. To oblige quickly, my dear boy, is to oblige twice."

"Mamma, I will try to remember that."

"Do so, my love; and in order to assist your memory, I will tell you a story, or more properly, perhaps, a fable."

Julia was not above five years old; and Charles, though much taller and stronger, was not more than two years older than his sister; so their mamma's *fabliau* was very short and simple. Here it is, just as she told it them.

"In a certain dove-cote there once lived two pigeons, remarkable for being very pretty, and very fond of each other. The name of the one was Whitethroat, and the name of the other was Speckledwings. They were of the kind called carrier-pigeons—pigeons trained to carry letters from place to place."

"Oh, how we should like to have one, mamma!"

"Very likely; but, until you can both write, one would be of no use; and even then, I think, the post will carry your letters better,—however, let me go on with my tale. It happened one summer, that Whitethroat, the youngest of the birds, fell sick, and could not fly with even a little note to the next town, which was only two miles off. Speckledwings was exceedingly sorry, and was continually wishing that he could do or get any thing to make his dear Whitethroat better. One morning, as he was going out as usual, the sick bird told him that she had just fancied that she could like a ripe, fresh ear of corn, gathered from a particular field that lay near the town to which they were in the habit of going.

"'I will be sure and bring it,' said Speckledwings; 'it shall be the finest ear of corn in the whole field; and if it were fifty miles further, I would fetch it you.'"

"So saying, off he flew. Oh, dear me! what a sad thing

it is to have a short memory, or to be very careless, or to be fond of play at the wrong time! Speckledwings delivered the letter tied to his wing, and set off home again, fully determined to remember his promise. But, just before he reached the corn-field, he fell in with a flock of neighbouring pigeons, and he could not resist their invitation to take a flight in an opposite direction; which flight lasted so long that he had only time to fly home before it grew quite dusk. Whitethroat had been expecting him a very long time, and felt sadly disappointed when he came without her ear of corn; but poor Speckledwings seemed so ashamed of himself, that she could not find in her heart to blame him; and even the next morning, she only said, 'Dear Speckledwings, please don't forget me to-day.'

"'Trust me, my dear Whitethroat; I am positive I shall not disappoint you this time.'

"Well; and this time Speckledwings really had alighted in the field, and was just preparing to pluck a beautiful ear of corn, when, as ill fortune would have it, up comes a prating magpie.

"'And have you heard the news?' cried he, as soon as he caught sight of the pigeon.

"'What news?' said Speckledwings.

"'Bless me!' cried the magpie, in a very consequential

manner ; 'why, you know really nothing of polite life, however, come with me out of the hearing of those vulgar sparrows, and, as you are a particular friend, I will let you into the secret.'

"Flattery and curiosity together quite overcame Speckledwings ; and, forgetting poor Whitethroat, he flew away to listen to the magpie's tale. It was a very long one ; and afterwards our pigeon could not resist the temptation of repeating it to a crow ; so the long and the short of the matter is, that he went home again without his errand.

"Speckledwings felt excessively troubled, particularly as Whitethroat seemed rather worse ; and he declared and vowed, that if he forgot again, he would pull his wings off for grief. To show, however, what comes of boasting and promising, he did forget again ; and Whitethroat really began to doubt his love for her.

"On the fourth day Speckledwings made the only amends in his power ; he would speak to no bird, join in no play, so anxious was he to atone for his former neglect. After making his usual visit to the town, he flew straight back to the field, plucked the very finest ear of corn he could discover, and made haste home with it to Whitethroat. Whitethroat thanked him for it ; 'but oh ! Speckledwings,' said she, 'waiting and expecting sadly spoil the flavour of any thing.

I am much obliged to you to-day, but I should have been still more obliged the first day.' "

• "And did Whitethroat get better?"

"Yes, love; and Speckledwings never again forgot to bring her an ear of corn every day, till she was able to go out herself."

THE PASS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

"The fam'ly all sit beside the fire,
But, oh! a seat is empty now."—CRABBE.

BENNINGTON, the former capital of Vermont, and one of the oldest towns in the state, was so named from Benning Wentworth, one of its most enterprising first settlers. It is situated in the south-western part of Vermont, on a large branch of the river Hoosac, which flows between the town and the Green Mountains, from which the settlements are distant but a few miles.

Bennington is divided into three parts; the parishes of the hill and valley, which however have very little real separation, and a considerable village which lies more immediately on the river, and is called familiarly by the inhabitants, **Algiers**. This, however, it must be owned, is an opprobrious appellation, endured rather than acknowledged by the residents there, but who, to say the truth, were in general, some years ago, not much distinguished either for the social or domestic virtues.

I spent a year in Bennington when quite a child, and the

recollections of that period are preserved with a vivid distinctness, which often causes the past to appear but the memory of yesterday. It was my delight to escape from my home, which was in the highest and most populous part of the town, and wander away quite alone, through grove, over field, and meadow, to the river before named; and many is the time I have adventurously, in the dry season, crossed on the stones that were hardly above the lessening, but rapid current—and many, and many an hour have I sat on the bank watching the swift waters when the freshets were up after the rains, and fancying that, with my little strength, I might victoriously contend with the water, and bring from the opposite bank the beautiful blue flowers *rhodora canadensis* to twine with the violets and anemones, which I could gather without crossing the stream. I had always a love for the wild scenery of nature—and had a strange enjoyment in spending whole hours alone in wandering through the woods, or climbing rocky heights, that I should now hesitate in attempting to surmount. I had then neither brothers nor sisters—I was at home without any companion, and my predilection for solitary pleasures increased in proportion as I was thrown wholly on my own resources for amusements; that these were not always well chosen I am now very sensible—but I feel that my situation then has given a character to my more ma-

ture years. I acquired an independence and determination which have been invaluable to me ; and indeed I trace many of my governing principles to that one year which most persons would have decided to be wholly lost to me for all good purposes ;—for I, though then ten years of age, never thought of study, and doubt if I twice opened a book for the whole twelve months. There were then no good schools in the vicinity, and I was suffered to remain at home in the anticipation of being soon sent to a distant seminary, where it was hoped all deficiencies would be well supplied.

I now feel it to have been a great loss that so long a period was passed without any knowledge of books or effort at self-improvement, and my following studies were in proportion difficult of attainment. But I am too prolix, and must proceed to the recital of a tale that was to me full of lively interest.

One warm day in June, I left home, directing my way to my favorite resort by the river ;—these excursions were too frequent to occasion any surprise in the family, and, indeed, a day's absence would hardly have afforded a source of alarm or solicitude.

I had not been long near my favourite bowering tree, before I espied on the opposite bank a beautiful flower, which was no sooner seen than, in fancy, made my own. The

river was not at that time low enough for me to find all the crossing stones, and I spent an hour in unsuccessful attempts to gain a safe and easy passage;—at last, weary of my labour, I determined to venture where I knew the bed was most shallow, and trust to my strength to resist the current.

It seems that I counted too rashly on my skill and power, for I had just reached the midway stream when I found myself yielding to the impulse of the eddy round a large rock;—for a few moments I struggled against the waters, but all was vain; and the last thing I remember was, a feeling that I should drown, what trouble I should occasion my friends, and how wrong I had done to enter the river.

When I recovered my senses I was laying on a low bed, in a hut humbly furnished.

An aged woman, and a man of middle years, were rubbing my limbs, and a person, the sister of my preserver, was attempting to force something within my lips. The labourer had seen me borne down by the current, and plunging into the water, brought me out just in time to save my life.

I cannot describe my emotion:—my various feelings at last found relief in a violent flood of tears; when I could speak I told my preservers, in reply to their interrogations, who I was, and how I came to attempt crossing the river; and I remember the old woman exclaimed, “silly child!—

and just to pick a flower." They carried me home when I was sufficiently recovered, and where of course, I received the admonition which my rashness deserved, and a command not to attempt the ford again, which, I believe, after the experience of that day, I should really have felt little disposition to do.

I was often allowed to visit my kind friends at "the hut," as it was there called: in England such an abode would be designated "a cottage;" in Scotland it might have served as the original of one of Arthur Austin's (alias, Wilson's) shealings."

It was built on a hill of considerable elevation, just in one of those little sheltered spots which we so often see in our country, overhung by high granite rocks, and shaded and concealed still more by several large trees, which had resolutely thrust their strong roots between the fissures, and subsisted in the accumulated soil washed down by the rains.

The mother of this family often entertained me, as she sat at her spinning wheel, with strange old stories of events that had passed in her younger days; and I, with an inquisitiveness that would have exhausted the good humour of any less patient spirit than that of old Hester, asked a thousand questions, which she, in her good nature, never declined answering. But she would spin and talk—talk and spin without tiring

the live-long day, and thankful was she, I do believe, to win so eager a listener to her stories of "olden time."

Her husband had been a soldier in our memorable revolution, and had fought under General Starke in the famous battle of Bennington, where he had signalized himself by a steady bravery, which gained him promotion, and the confidence of his officers.

"Yes, yes," said old Hester, kindling as she spoke of the heroic valour of those times, "men were men then, and did not shrink from peril and hardship as if they were mere babies;—no, nor did they run away like some of their descendants in the last war, shame be to them, and leave their houses to be burnt to the ground, and their families to leave their own homes to build up new dwellings; no, they fought like brave spirits, and though many fell in the good cause, their wives and their mothers could cherish their memory, and think on them with pride and love.

"Many is the tear that I have shed, little one," she would continue, "but none for shame. I wept for the sufferings of my country, not for her cowardice:—no, thank heaven, none of mine were at the taking of Bladensburgh, and the burning of Washington."

Hester never spoke, as she never felt, coolly on this topic, and I do think she would, with all her unyielding prejudices,

have sooner received and entertained half a score of the British soldiery, than one of those who fled from our capital in the time of its danger and need. Indeed, she could never be persuaded to give much credit to those who really deserved praise on that occasion.

"And did your husband die in the wars?" said I, one day to my aged friend. "No," answered Hester, "my trial was harder than that; though to have lost him any way would have been grief enough, it would have been easier to have known that he was spent in defending his country, than that he past away as he did."

"Oh, do tell me about it, if you can," said I, with childish eagerness, "tell me how you lost him."

"Well, then," said Hester, "it is about thirty years since I followed Abraham to the grave.

"After the war he built a small house on the side of the mountain yonder, just by the road that leads across to Brattleborough: it was then a bad way, and was called through the country 'the Pass of the Green Mountains.'

"We lived there for some years in peace and comfort, supported by our united industry, contented with little, and happy in our three children. Richard, who saved you from drowning in the river, was our oldest child, and a kind good boy has he been all his life: then there was Margaret, who never

refused to work, though she liked play as well as any girl; and little Marcia, who was always full of laughter and frolic—though she has grown up the steady woman you see her now.”

“But where is Margaret?” said I interrupting her. “I have never seen her here.”

“No, she is married, and lives at Albany: she is coming to make us a visit next year, as soon as Richard gets his new house finished; for now,” said she looking round, “the poor thing would not have room to rest herself with her two children;—she has named them for her brother and sister, and a good manager is she of them.”

But now my interest returned to Abraham, and I asked Hester to continue her first narrative.

“Well,” said she, “we lived on the mountain several years, as I was telling you, and had but little trouble, all things considered, till the autumn of 18—. The season came in cold and early. The snow was deep on the earth in November, and it was not always safe to cross the mountain, even in December. My husband had business which took him often to Brattleborough; and as the cold increased, I began to dread his going from home, for many terrible accidents had already happened to some who had attempted to cross during the past season.

"One day after a heavy fall of snow, I saw Abraham preparing himself for going over. I remonstrated, but he said that he must go, and that there was no danger, for the weather was moderating, and he should be home the next day by dark.

"I saw him depart with a heavy heart, but I tried to hope for the best, and busied myself about the house. I gave the children work to keep them employed too, but they, poor things, felt as I did about their father, and would go full often to the window to see if the snow had ceased falling, or the cold grew less.

"The hours wore away and the next day came. Abraham could not be expected till dark, at earliest, and the weather was getting more and more severe, though snow no longer fell. I kept my fears to myself as well as I could, and the children often diverted my thoughts from abroad. At last it was time for them to go to bed; the two girls were soon asleep, but Richard would not leave me. We sat by the light of our pine knot fire, and hour after hour passed away, yet *he* did not come for whom we so anxiously watched. It was late at night when a loud knock at the door roused every fear anew. I opened it; several men were there, and one asked if this was the house of Abraham Waldo. I said 'yes—tell me, have you seen him?'

"He left Brattleborough, said the tallest man, hesitatingly, three hours before us, but the storm has been wild on the top of the mountain, and now the cold is harder than I have known for twenty winters; saying these words the speaker entered the kitchen. Come in, said I to the others, do not stand there to perish.

"It seemed as if they could not move, and then I thought, indeed, that my husband was dead, and that they were bearing him home.

"It was even so—they entered with the cold and stiffened body of Abraham, and laid it on the bed. He had perished in the snows on the mountain. I was wild with grief; but God mercifully gave me strength to bear the burden which he had laid upon me, and in a few hours I was more composed, recalled in part, perhaps, by the cries of my poor children.

"It was very long before I could realize the extent of my loss:—death had entered my dwelling when he was not looked for, and taken away the support of our house. Oh, often did I look at his vacant seat, and listen in vain to hear his kind voice; but I see that all things have been ordered rightly; and while I can never forget the husband of my youth, I have great cause of thankfulness when I think on the years of happiness which we had together, and I feel



THE WEEPING MOTHER.

glad that the joys which were then ours were never interrupted by idle disputes or petty differences. My husband, too, was a Christian; and was prepared for his sudden end by the good life he had led. I knew that it was well with him, though I could not help mourning for myself and children. One day, I shall never forget it, while I was overcome with deep grief, and my Richard had been out trying to do some little work, he entered and saw me weeping, and when he found that for a long time I did not notice either him or his sisters, he tried to rouse me by affectionate expressions.

“‘Mother, dear mother,’ said he, entreatingly, ‘it is us, your children; we will comfort you.’

“You do comfort me, said I, awakened to their pleadings, you do comfort me, and I will give you a better example than I have done: you shall not see your kind efforts to soothe me unregarded. I will no longer neglect my duty.

“As for Richard, he has kept his word,—he was young when his father died, but strong and active, and with the help of our neighbours we have got along very well. Now he is more than forty years old—we have a good farm, and a house just finishing, and he never will cease to take care of his old mother. Marcia keeps house for him, and I spin

the flax ; we shall move soon to our comfortable dwelling, for this, as you see, is falling away, and is too far gone for repair."

Hester was silent ; her mind was relieved by speaking of the past, even though to a child too young to appreciate all she said ; but her story made a lasting impression, and I have related it as one of the many instances of the power of religion to sustain the mind under affliction,—and, as another of the beautiful examples of filial duty which have fallen under my notice. No one can doubt the happiness of Richard:—all must admire his devotion to his bereaved parent, and must feel that an affectionate child is surely a blessing from heaven, even as he is blest in his love by heaven.

I remember that I felt very thoughtful after Hester had ended her conversation, and went home asking myself if I were ever likely to be a comfort to my parents as Richard, Margaret, and Marcia had been to theirs.

It may seem strange that Hester should have spoken so freely to me, a child, or that her story should have made so lasting an impression. The truth is, children remember every thing that strikes their imagination, and are more touched by affecting incidents than we ordinarily suppose. I had also become a favourite with the Waldos, and they did not

always consider my age when they sought for me entertainment or matters of interest.

The next year, early in March, I left Bennington. It was a very cold day, and the roads were deep in snow; rain had fallen before the severity of the weather had increased, and incruusted every thing in ice.

We began to ascend the mountain at four in the afternoon: the roads were difficult and dangerous: we were all wrapt in furs, but those imperfectly protected us from the now intense cold. Our horses at last failed, while we were yet some distance from the highest summit. Fear came upon all; and one of our companions, as we looked out on the dreary scene, observed, as we pointed out a large, bare tree, that stood just off the road, that near that place many persons had perished at different times in the severe seasons; "five men," said he, "froze there several years ago, and they are not the only ones who have lain them down there despairing, never to rise." I thought of Abraham Waldo, and felt that perhaps we too might, like him, and the unfortunate men just spoken of, perish from cold on the mountain;—but Providence ordered otherwise. Our horses were able to get on as far as the first inn, and we arrived at Brattleborough a few hours after in safety, though so chilled that we were obliged to defer our further journey till milder weather.

This found us in a few days, and we set forward rapidly for our destination. I can never forget the day. It was one of winter's most glorious scenes. the trees were all glittering with ice: the whole country, far and wide, was wrapt in snow, the dazzling whiteness of which was almost overpowering to the sight; but a poetic mind has described the scene more brightly than can I, and I give you the abstract: if you have known and admired winter scenery, you will, with me, attest the truth and beauty of these lines;—

“ Look, the massy trunks

Are cased in the pure crystal; the branch and twig
Shine in the lucid covering; each light rod,
Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,
Is studded with its glittering ice drops.

“ O! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth, where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz, and the place
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Raise thine eye;
Thou seest no cavern roof—no palace vault;
Here the blue sky—and the white drifting cloud
Look in.—All, all is light,
‘Light without shade.’”

And all was indeed light and brightness till we reached our new home;—but the novel and various scenes through which I passed there, never obliterated from my memory the story of Abraham Waldo, or “the Pass of the Green Mountains.”

EPTTAPH EXTRAORDINARY.

[A clergyman who, till his recent decease, resided on his living in Wiltshire, set apart a space in his orchard, where he buried the domestic animals that had lived in his service. Against one of the firs which overshadow the spot is placed the following inscription.]

THERE is a debt of gratitude we owe
 To every vigilant and faithful slave ;
 And therefore doth the master here bestow
 Upon his cats and dogs a common grave :

That so their bones inviolate may rest
 In safe and undisturb'd repose together :
 Nor e'er be made a prey to savage beast,
 Nor blown about, the sport of winds and weather.

Let none with scorn this humble care survey ;
 But recollect, proud man ! that gift divine,
 The gift of life, which once inform'd their clay,
 From the same heavenly Fountain flow'd as thine.

W. C.

THE BEREAVED PARENT.

AN ENIGMA.

START not amiable and compassionate children, when I tell you that I am a despised and ill treated parent! Not by my own children: no, that pang is spared me, for they are torn from me before they are sensible of a mother's love. But the world, the whole world, treats me with barbarous cruelty! No sooner am I known to be a parent, than all my offspring are wrested from me.

Should I conceal myself in the deepest cave, or wander to the uttermost parts of the sea, I am discovered, and robbed of my treasures.

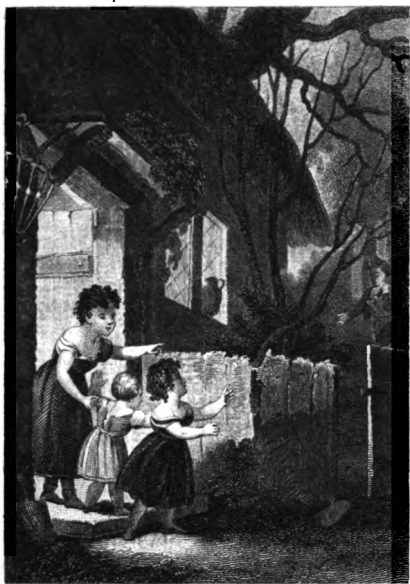
I can say of my children, with more truth than Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, "These are my only jewels!" for they are worthy of a crown! Indeed, many of my offspring, by their brilliant virtues, have added lustre to the most splendid diadems of the East! They are fair, very fair; and their intrinsic worth is equal to their beauty. Most justly do they serve as the standard of excellence, by which, all that is

good and beautiful are compared. Their chief merit, however, consists in the good impression I make of them in their infancy, and their beauty is but "reflection caught from me!"

"Far be it from me to complain of my children's neglect. They, poor things, never knew their parent! but acutely do I feel the base conduct of those who violently seize on my offspring, and pay no debt of gratitude to me.

As I have before inferred, my children are placed in the highest rank of society. They are much admired; and such is the folly to which fashion leads, they are imitated even to their very defects. Although they give pleasure to others, yet, strange to say, they know not what true happiness is. Sometimes they are clothed in gold, and adorned with rubies,—often are they imprisoned, though innocent,—and frequently are they put in chains, though guilty of no offence. They have been present at the most sumptuous feasts; and one of the finest of my family was drowned in a cup, in tyrannical sport, at the luxuriant banquet of a noble Roman and wicked Egyptian Empress!

Gentle Reader, what is my name?



H. Gould En.

J. M. Steel Sc.

CHILDHOOD .

CHILDHOOD.

IN stern misfortune's hour,
When wildly blows the blast,
And gloomy shadows lour,
And every hope's o'er cast ;
Then sweet is childhood's smile
To the desponding heart ;
Our griefs it can beguile,
And bid all care depart.

The fleecy clouds that gleam
Across the azure sky,
The silver murmuring stream
That ripples softly by,
Are beautiful ; but the smile
Of joyous infancy
Comes o'er the heart, the while,
Like sunset o'er the sea.

The wanderer cannot rest
Where e'er his footsteps roam,
Till childhood's happy glee
Welcomes the weary home.
O, could I feel once more
Its stainless purity,
I'd never leave life's shore,
To tempt ambition's sea.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

By Richard Howitt.

I.

Now, Harry, mother looks, to see
Why we do make this sad delay ;
And yet you will not speak to me,
Nor will you come for all I say.

II.

I laughed—'t is true—and who would not ?
'To see you, with a rueful face,
Start up, and take that piece of pot,
And put it on the broken place !

III.

And then to see how long you tried,
If *that* would make it whole, in vain ;
I must have laughed, if I had died,
But did not mean to give you pain.

IV.

Though mother cry, "you clumsy youth!"
And though she seem so very cross,
Yet, if you tell the simple truth,
She will not much regard the loss.

V.

I'm very sorry, I am sure,—
And now would bear the blame for you;
But father always says, though poor,
We nothing wrong must say or do.

VI.

For were I now to say I did it,
The conscious fib would flush my cheek;
And though my heart would not forbid it,
My face would still most truly speak.

VII.

Now, mother looks again, to see
Why thus we linger on the way;
And still you will not speak to me,
Nor will you come for all I say!

DOMESTIC CHIT-CHAT;

OR,

A WORD TO THE INJURED.

By Mrs. Hofland.

Consideration, like an angel came
And whipt the offending Adam out of him.—SHAKESPEARE.

"I **WONDER**, Emma, that you can take so much pleasure in playing with that kitten," said Hugh Pembroke to his sister: "though you are very young, and *only* a girl, I should think that you might amuse yourself with better toys than a cork, a string, and a cat."

"And *I* wonder that you can think any toy comparable to my pretty kitten. Twist and turn as she may, all her motions are more graceful and agile than those of a stage-dancer. And what a very funny look she has! There is a poet who says, somewhere,

'You who can smile, (to wisdom no disgrace)
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face,'

I dare say he had gazed, like me, with pleasure, at a kitten's droll looks, Hugh; though, I suppose, he was not *very young*, and certainly not a *girl*."

"Clever folks have foolish fancies, sometimes, but almost every body dislikes cats, because they are treacherous, cunning, deceitful things. Besides, they are very stupid; you cannot teach a cat any thing. Dogs, horses, and even pigs, may be taught tricks of some kind, by which they evince ability, or display affection, but a cat learns nothing, cares for nobody. She is a handsome animal, I grant, and sometimes useful, but that does not prevent her from being hateful, —a tetotum, at best, in her kittenhood, and a humming top for the rest of life. Now, a dog is a noble animal,—brave, sincere, sensible, and affectionate. I *do* love a dog dearly."

Hugh spoke not only volubly, but loudly; as if by the *sound*, not less than the *truth*, of his assertions, he would silence all opposition to his opinion; and Emma, conscious that she knew little on the subject of animals beyond her admiration of pussy, could not immediately reply: but in a short time, she discarded the favourite, and, addressing her aunt, who was quietly seated at her work, inquired "if it were not possible for a cat to be worth liking as well as a dog?"

"Very possible, my dear," replied Mrs. Annesley; "because many persons do like them as well."

"Many women, perhaps," said Hugh sullenly, "more especially old maids." A witch is always represented with a black cat at her elbow."

"Do you class your papa's friend, Mr. H——, among such persons?"

"Oh! no; he is a fine, lively, soldier-like kind of a man."

"Yet, when sitting at rest in his parlour, you will generally find him with a large old cat on his knee, which, during breakfast, may be seen begging for toast beside him, as your little terrier does; a proof that cats may be taught as well as dogs, though it is certain they are by no means equally intelligent."

"I remember that, certainly," said Hugh, looking a little ashamed, and half convinced, as he took a chair opposite to his aunt, with an air that said he had been too hasty in his judgment.

"If," continued his excellent relative, "we require from animals qualities or talents which nature has denied them, we prove ourselves either unreasonable or ignorant. We do not expect a donkey to fetch and carry like a poodle, nor a cow to crack nuts like a squirrel; yet no one will refuse good will towards two animals so singularly beneficial to man."

"That is very true; but I spoke of *disposition*, aunt. Now, cats are—"

Hugh paused, and Mrs. Annesley waited in patience for him to proceed ; but seeing he did not, she resumed her discourse.

“Cats are a very malign race. I never knew a vulgar boy, nor one of a ferocious disposition, who did not calumniate them, as an excuse for his own occasional cruelty towards them.”

Hugh was really a well informed boy, and of a good disposition ; and he was also particularly alive to his claims as a gentleman ; these words, therefore, struck him as insulting and unjust ; and his cheek glowed with indignation, while yet a deep sense of sorrow, from the consciousness of having been the first aggressor, quivered his lip, and rendered him agitated and fidgetty.

Hugh did not immediately answer ; but at length he said, — “I do think, dear aunt, and I am convinced, with you, that cats have been cruelly belied. I must say that old Tabby does make a great piece of work whenever Mr. Holland comes here, just as if she remembered being a kitten at his house, going round and round his chair, purring so loud as to compel him to notice her. I have remarked this frequently,” said Hugh.

“So have I ; and Tabby’s kitten showed me just the same kind of attention, when I called at Mrs. S.’s last week, though

I had entirely forgotten the circumstance of her going from our house until reminded of it by her present mistress. The most remarkable attachment, however, of which I have been the object, was that of a very fine young cat, which was cruelly shot in the back by some young boys, *misnamed* gentlemen. The poor creature was in the habit of jumping in at the window, after returning from a course of visits which he paid daily to his neighbours. On returning after his accident, he mewed very pitifully; but, having no idea of his mishap, I did not open the door, and of course he was compelled to jump through the open window as usual. He did so, and sank at my feet, bleeding and writhing in agony."

"How sorry you must have been, dear aunt!"

"Indeed I was, Hugh, and regretted particularly that I had not attended to his plaintive cry; for, though not given to fondling animals, I trust I pity all their sufferings. Well, I took poor Tom on my lap, examined his injuries, and washed his bleeding wounds with warm milk and water, as tenderly as I could; yet I undoubtedly gave him much pain, which he bore heroically, and even tried to purr his thanks for my attention. For several weeks the wretched animal suffered so much, that the entrance of a servant almost convulsed him with terror lest he should touch him; yet never was he called by your dear uncle or myself to have his wounds

dressed, but he would instantly come, and, by a painful effort, jump on our knees, and faintly purr his thanks. Surely this indicated confidence and gratitude, in no slight degree, and intelligence also."

"Undoubtedly. Pray what became of him? was he any of the cats I can remember?"

"No, my dear, for you were a very little boy; but Tom was so fond of you, that he permitted you to stroke him even when he had two shots as large as peas in his back. I wish you had been as well able to defend him as you are now; for, by keeping a sharp lookout, he might have been saved from a second attack, which lost me an attached animal of singular beauty and great utility."

"I wish I had been a great boy then; yes, that I do: I would have taught those young scoundrels another lesson. I can't conceive how they *dared* to touch any property of ours."

"Especially a poor innocent cat that had suffered so much," cried Emma, almost in tears.

"Probably they disliked cats, and despised women: ignorant persons are subject to prejudices."

Hugh's colour rose again; but he subdued his emotion, being, indeed, truly grateful to the kind friend who at once reproved and instructed him, yet spared his feelings, and

amused him by narratives which awakened his best emotions. He, therefore, eagerly inquired "if she could give him more anecdotes of cats."

"The late Dr. Jackson, of Hanover-square, had a very large, beautiful cat, remarkable for its docility and affection for its master, which he called Tippoo, and which many of his friends remember, I am certain. During the worthy physician's last illness, he was confined several months to his bedroom, during which time Tippoo never left him more than a few minutes; but constantly tried, by every endearment in his power, to testify affection. When all was over, he still kept his post, except at his usual time of descending for food; but from the time the corpse was removed, all energy forsook him. He tasted nothing that could be offered, permitted no one to caress him, and pined so rapidly that, in a fortnight, Mrs. Jackson told me, his skin hung on a bag of bones; and, within three weeks, Tippoo died literally of grief for the loss of his master."

Hugh breathed a deep sigh, and his aunt continued.

"During the last period of your absence, I had myself an extraordinary, I might say, an affecting instance of recognition in a cat. You remember old Bess, the tortoise-shell cat?"

"Oh yes, whenever she caught a rat, she brought it to

you, and laid it down by you, and would wait ever so long for you."

"Yes, she paid me that compliment for years; but last winter she grew very old, and though loth to resign her place on the rug, finally took up her abode in a basket on the kitchen hearth, cook being very kind to her. Your uncle frequently visited her there; and she always testified great pleasure on hearing his foot approach. One day he said to me, 'My dear, poor old Bess is dying: you had better go and see her; for she will never move again.' Just as he spoke the poor creature entered the room, and, though nearly blind, made up to my seat as well as she was able; and, on my taking her up, she tried, but in vain, to purr. Finding her tremble all over, I carried her down to lay her in the warm basket; but the moment I had done so, she crawled out to the beer cellar, where, in another instant, she was stretched out dead: the poor thing had crept up to visit me in her last agonies."

"She was the best tempered creature in the world. I always liked that cat myself, exceedingly. She had a great deal of sense, too."

"The most remarkable circumstance I have ever known, respecting cats, will conclude the subject: it is this:—

"The two Misses Walker, of Leeds, had a favourite tabby,

which more particularly attached itself to the elder, who kept her bed a year or two. On the death of this lady, her sister (who was also a confirmed invalid) removed to the house of a relation above thirty miles distant, taking with her the cat in question, which was, in the hurry of arrival, soon lost, to her vexation you may be certain. About a fortnight afterwards she received a letter from an old neighbour, informing her that the cat was then in the area of her late habitation in Park Square, and could not be allured thence, though in a state of starvation.

“On learning this, her own maid was sent to Leeds; and the cat, recognizing her, crept out to her, and was reconveyed to her mistress, though reduced to a skeleton. In a short time she was quite happy in her new home, and seemed gratefully to accept of her present mistress in lieu of the one to whom she had hitherto belonged; and when she too was taken, attached herself to Mrs. Smith, the head of the family. How a creature, never fifty yards out of the house, succeeded in finding her way through varied roads in a populous country, I cannot imagine; but the fact is undeniable, and bespeaks an instinct, as well as an affection, beyond what cats have credit for possessing.”

“Dear aunt,” said Hugh, “I am more obliged to you than I can express, for taking the trouble of *convincing* me instead

of *scolding* me. I never will despise cats again, nor any other creature; for they are all the works of the Almighty, who has made nothing in vain: and I am determined that I will study natural history, both in the works of that good and great man, Baron Cuvier, and also in the subjects themselves, so far as I am able."

"And will you, then, *love* my kitten?" said little Emma, climbing on his knee.

"Most probably," replied Hugh, as he tenderly kissed her; "for I do love the kitten's mistress dearly, (as well I may,) though I was foolish enough to call her *only* a little girl."

"I had forgotten *that* entirely, dear Hugh."

"I believe you, my love; but I shall neither forget nor forgive myself soon, I promise you."

LINES.

By Miss J. E. Roscoe.

Go forth when midnight winds are high,
And ask them whence they come ;
Who sent them raging thro' the sky,
And where is their far home !

Ask of the tempest, if its bound
Is fix'd in Heav'ns decree,
When storm and thunders burst around
In awful revelry.

The winds may keep their midnight way,
The tempest know its power,
But trembling mortal, canst thou say
Where ends thy destined hour ?

Whence didst thou spring, and whither tend?

Is thine this atom world?

What is thy being's aim and end,

On Time's swift pinion hurl'd?

Thou know'st not—no, thou may'st not know—

But read that glorious sky,—

Look up! those million planets glow

With marks of Deity!

Yes, trace him there—exulting trace!

The soul that soars to God,

And follows the immortal race

Those shining stars have trod,—

Can never falter in its faith,

Can never bow to fears;

The conquest over Time and Death,

It reads in yon bright spheres!

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